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Wavelength

FALL '83

Wavelength

C O N T E N T S

Fiction

Wantin' Things
Niki Aukema 36

Des Beaux Arts
Mia Carter 4

Two Kids from Beyond the Sun
Rob Collechia 13

DICKIE IN MORTE TRIUMPHANS
Jack Dashner 8

The Return
Phillip Glaser 34

Loretta Sells the Piano
Brian Patterson 30

The First Time
Judith Morrissey Umana 6

Rats
J.W. Walker 35

Non-Fiction

The Gully
Anderson Archer 33

The Declining Quality of Education in America: A Myth
T-K Bowers 7

A Man is Remembered
Stephen Coronella 5

Standing in the Hall
Bill Farrell 33

Homophobia:Then and Now
Peter Manale 10

Photo Essay
Roy Mediros 20

Poetry

Frank Afflitto, T.J. Anderson III, Niki Aukema,
Russell Folsom, Jane Galè, J.B. Gerard,
Stephanie Goldstein, Donald Kelly, Eileen McKinnon,
Todd Parent, Stephen Sadowski, Cindy Schuster, Walter Wells

Wavelength

Editorial Director
Nan Alexander
Literary Editor
Efren Alba
Non-Fiction Editor
Bill Bowers
Fiction Editor
David Moran
Poetry Editor
Allison Hurley
Art and Production Manager
Kerry Curtis
All Cover Photos by Gail Rush

B. Batmanghelidj

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Editorial

Two-thirds of our tiny staff is new; before this issue was plunked down on the pavement they were publishing virgins, wondering how a magazine would be put together. Many questions were answered by collective common sense, some were answered by consulting past issues of the magazine, and quite a few answers came from experienced members of the staff as well as from the Editor Emeritus, whom we lost to the job market just before the midpoint of the semester. This situation, where there is always a new staff which is learning how to create a magazine, means that *nothing* ever becomes routine. It also means that there is no room to be a cog, that is, for a person to be content doing one small task over and over again in order to make the larger machine function. The publishing process at *Wavelength* is creative; there are no cogs here, and there are no rules which are written in stone. Everything is always new.

If you suspect that this is leading up to the traditional editorial pitch to "submit!" you are right. Some things never change. No matter how good the submissions are the editor is always going to feel that some talented artist or writer is holding out. In the case of artists there must be *many* of you who are holding out. There were very few pieces of art submitted. (We did receive some fine photography, but for the moment I am using the word "art" to mean images created with the hands rather than with the lens.)

If artists are worried that their work will not be treated with respect, they should come over to the office and meet Kerry Curtis, the art editor. He is conscientious, and handles submissions extremely carefully. There is even a special "vault" in the office, specifically intended for the safe-keeping of art works. Artists also have the option of copyrighting their work. Another excuse for not submitting work is, "It won't reproduce in black and white." Don't be so certain of that; the only way to know how something will reproduce is to photograph it in black and white and see what happens. We will do that for you. A final note to artists and photographers: we are picky about the reproduction and chose the most experienced concern to do the repro work for this issue. Of course, it ought to go without saying that published work enhances a portfolio considerably.

In the non-fiction category there are certainly hold-outs. A good deal of non-fiction writing goes on around here, and it is called "writing papers." There is very little difference between a good paper and a good article. If you have written an excellent paper, chances are that with minor revision it can become an article. Sure, getting the "A" is satisfying, but seeing your work typeset and printed, and then getting feedback from your peers, is even more satisfying. If you have a paper on a topic which you think might be interesting to the University community, then send it on over. If it gets here early enough in the process of publication we will even help you revise it--which would usually be only a matter of deleting things which are too specific; revision, for our purposes, is like a tune-up rather than like rebuilding an engine.

We are always looking for poetry and fiction. Please do not refrain from submitting because, "They would never publish this." How do you know what "they" would publish? "They" is not constant, and "they" is by no means a unanimous body. Just as the stylistic range of submissions was guite wide, so are "their" (the editors') tastes varied and divergent. For instance, for this issue what was "obviously" a gem to one staff member, seemed borderline to another. The process of selection was process of compromise and accomodation to variation. So if you have a traditional story, send it along. If you are experimenting with non-traditional techniques, send it along. You never can tell what "they" will go for, and it doesn't hurt to try.

For the last four issues a good portion of the fiction has been refined in Jonathan Strong's Creative Writing classes. Certainly no conscious bias in favor of his students exists, but after he has worked with a student, the student's writing does, indeed, improve. Whatever he does seems to work. Jonathan's stay at UMass has come to an end, and we wish to thank him for his excellent work here, which influenced the quality of submissions to the magazine and was, thus, a contribution in and of itself. We shall miss his fine-line marks in the margins, and we shall miss the encouragement he gives to writers who are uncertain of their abilities. Without his encouragement many worthy pieces of fiction would have remained in desk drawers forever.

We also wish to thank the entire English department: professors and staff, and especially Niki. The magazine could not exist without their continued support. Nor could *Wavelength* exist without the support of SAC, and we are especially grateful for their patience and understanding during the confusion created by a mid-semester change of editorship.

The process of putting out the Spring issue has already begun. We are starting all over again, and there will certainly be many differences from how things were done for this issue. Any new staff members will be welcomed, as will all new submissions. If you feel that you want to be part of the process, please join us, and please submit your best work for publication.

De Beaux-Arts

Mia Carter

We must go to the show. It is my show, my images. My husband says to me, "The critics will be there. I hope we won't get burned."

I glare at him. How dare you. I am not a woman easily scorched.

We go. To the gallery opening. Impeccably dressed. He is nervous. Of "us" getting burned. They are out in droves. The arsonists. I mingle. Waching them devour my images. They do an evil dance around me, like starved animals before the kill, disbelieving that this is food.

I study a man studying a self-portrait. Studying me. Shot from a low angle. Off-center, in the diagonal of the frame. Naked on the beach, my mother scars, woman scars at the bottom, in the corner of the frame. He feels my presence, as he ought to. And turns, and smiles, and asks,

"Where do you get your vision?"

Your vision. Your vision. The echo. While he stands there echoing me, me echoing him, myself. Reflections not understanding each other. He between the knowing reflection of myself. I laugh at his absurd, foolish question, and walk away.

The critics circle.

My husband comes rushing at me.

"Are you ok? I saw that man challenge you."

Yes. My dear. My dear. I kiss his no-longer-firm cheek. I am beyond challenges now.

We walk together. Glasses upraised, arms poised. Watching the arsonists, the critics. His stride anxious. I am floating, floating, not truly there.I can hear the ocean on that grey, solitary day. A reflection, an echo. I aim at myself and strip, naked. In my stride I am floating. I touch my husband's arm, saying thank you. For your asbestos care. We smile to each other, old and wise, never breaking stride. Our glasses upraised. Their amber glow cuts through the air like a silent siren.

We watch them studying my images and stop to nestle close in front of a particularly telling one. Watching the watchers. The hair of his arm, my husband's, comforts me, as it has before. Spent nights and empty, anguished days. That gentle, stubbly brush has soothed me. We resume our stroll. Comrades, once passionate.Now we amble through the days.

Later, they gather, the watchers, to question the artist. My husband moves to the very back of the room, as he often does. To shimmer me a steady reflection. I smile proud and appreciative. I answer the questions, in as dignified a manner as possible. Sometimes only saying:

"Yes."

"No."

Or:

"I have always been successful."

His strength shimmers at me.

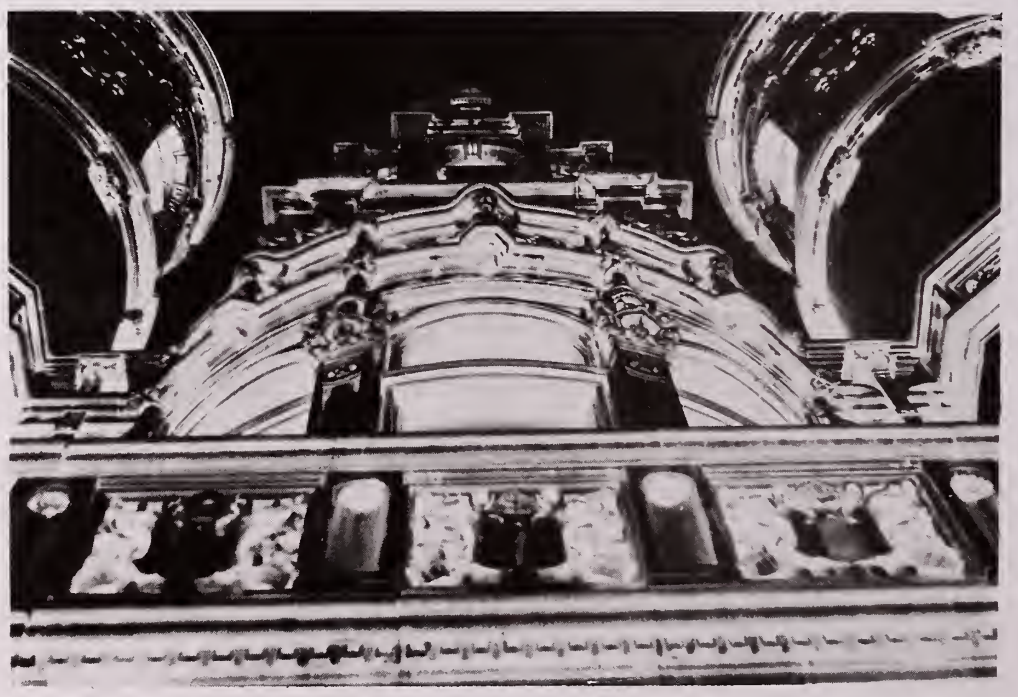
A critic growls. Another follows suit. My husband no longer leans casually against the wall. His brows move downward, anxiously.

I purr, with all my charm and poise, and all the rest. All of it.

"I'm sorry. I do not, cannot dignify questions of the like." And smile, putting my amber filled glass on the bare cubical podium a gauche. And turn, a droit.

He meets me, midway. As always, as ever. His bristling arms and asbestos care. I relax to him. My husband. We move, together, towards the door. I turn as we exit, to see the puzzled, still faces, the motionless bodies, the hunters, the arsonists, impotent without an object at which to hurl their fury. And it remains. The amber glow, poised on the cube of harsh, immobile white. Shimmering. Radiating. To us. A final toast.

We leave, to face the red orange of one passing day.



Robin Potter

A Man Is Remembered

by Stephen Coronella

I think about my grandfather often since his death. My last memories of him are not pleasant ones, but they are my most vivid reminders of this silent, lonesome figure. He never liked to be involved in family gatherings, preferring instead the company of a television set and a glass of beer. For most of his grandchildren, whose visits dwindled over the years, he is suspended in one unalterable pose - slouched forward on the sofa, beer in hand, eyes fixed on the TV. He seemed hardened to the life around him. There was one time, though, that I saw him express a genuine joy, a joy so genuine that his eyes shone with a tearful brilliance. It was when my brother placed in the old man's arms a child, a great-grandson. The boy was bewildered, the man was overwhelmed.

Using bits of biography gathered posthumously from my mother and grandmother, I find that my grandfather was an ordinary man. He endured a desolate childhood and watched silently as two sisters and a brother were sent to an unseen aunt here in the States. Feeding a family of seven is hard to do anywhere, anytime, but it was especially trying in Ireland at the turn of the century. Tuberculosis stalked the family, and by the time he came to this country in 1928, he was one of two surviving siblings. He was also by then a married man. My grandmother followed him eleven months later.

A family gradually formed. To put bread on the table and fuel on the fire, he worked an assortment of odd jobs during the Depression. Each could be collected under the same designation: laborer. His middle years were marked by no small adventures, no brief wanderings, nothing. From the day he first set foot on American soil until the day he died, the city of Cambridge, Mass., defined his world. He never returned to Ireland, not even for the shortest of visits, and rarely accompanied the family on vacations. Time simply consumed him.

He retired at sixty-two, cut lawns and tidied hedges to keep busy, and courted his drink daily. Earlier in his life, he had turned to the bottle, as an Irishman will. For many years until his death, it seemed his only companion. As my mother recalls, he could be sometimes cruel. I myself can remember one particularly upsetting confrontation—between "the old man" and my father—during our regular Sunday afternoon visits. I like now to think that such scenes resulted invariably from his drunkenness. A monotonous life, steeped in hardship and neglect, no doubt contributed to his alcoholism, but the old man was reticent about it all.

The unkindest cut of all, however, was the method of dispatch—an excruciating six-week-long bout with cancer which carried my grandfather away to a pitiless end. We lost him in full sight, the sickness dimming his consciousness until, by the final week, he was no longer a part of the pain and the hopelessness that we observed. Quite expectedly, I suppose, it was his illness that distinguished him to me. For years I had heard my parents speak of "the old man," creating in my child's mind the image of a distant, enigmatic figure, and now there he lay, old indeed and dying. My grandfather had finally taken form, but it was too late.

I visited him frequently in the hospital, that is, more often than I normally would have had he been well. We spoke very little, but through his ever-sinking eyes he communicated his helplessness, his utter lack of control. He died at home, bent and broken, in a rented hospital bed. If he had had his way, I believe, the end would have come sooner.

At the wake and funeral, there appeared the usual procession of friends and relatives, of acquaintances surfacing after long years of silence. But they came more to comfort the bereaved than to reflect on the fallen. My grandfather's life was of little importance. We all knew that.

He lay in wake for two days, and on the third was whisked, in a numbing cold, to a place among the dead. Though church bells pealed his departure, no one sent to know for whom they tolled. My grandfather was leaving this life exactly as he had entered it—with hardly another soul noticing.

Mary Ellen Sullivan

The First Time

Judith Morrissey Umana

Boy, Gail thought, she made us ride all the way over here and now we have to wait in the car.

Being the oldest, Gail sat up in the front seat. She watched her mother walk away determinedly—tall, head up, with a bag in her hand containing the dress she was about to return, while Gail, her little sister Lisa, and her cousin Doreen, sat waiting in the car with the kind of boredom only August holds for young children.

It was hot in the big, brown jeep, and a fat, old August fly buzzed lazily around the windsheild. Gail was studying her dirty toes while Lisa, standing in the back seat, babbled happily about getting her Minnow Certificate in swimming class. Gail didn't particularily care that Lisa could put her face in the water, eyes open, and count her fingers. Besides, she'd heard it already about a million times.

Doreen sat in the back seat next to Lisa. Her pinched-up, bratty face was bright red even at the very end of summer. Gail didn't like Doreen and tried to avoid her if there was anyone even close to her age around to play with, but school was starting soon and all the summer kids had left the Cape.

The local girls in Gail's neighborhood were either much older or much younger than she-a year or two makes a big difference when you're eight, so she'd asked Doreen along for the ride.

Now Doreen was pouting because she had to sit in the back seat with Lisa. Well, too bad, thought Gail, its my car and my mother, and besides I'm the oldest. Gail always had to sit in the back when her older brother was in the car, and so she reasoned this only fair.

Gail spotted a boy around her age spinning himself around in a shopping cart on the other side of the almost-empty parking lot. Gail hopped onto her knees on the seat and hung out the driver's side window watching the boy.

He saw her at about the same time, and his spinning took on new intensity. He'd run as fast as possible pushing the cart in front of him and then jump on the front pushing down on the bar he held so that the cart would spin widly on the two back wheels.

He pretended not to hear the first two hi-i-i's that she called out the window but responded quickly to the "you'd better be careful or you'll get hurt!" she'd scolded after getting no response.

"No sir!" said the tattered-looking boy. "I can go ten times faster than this and I never get hurt."

He looked different to Gail from the boys she knew, wilder, not cared for or cared about. He was painfully thin with dark, flashing eyes.

"What kinda car is that? Lemme sit in that car."

'It's a jeep. Yeah, come on. You can come in for a minute." Gail bounced over to the passenger side and the boy hopped into the driver's seat. He began spinning the steering wheel widly back and forth.

"How do ya drive this car, anyway?" he demanded, staring intently at the dashboard.

"I don't know. You can't drive, anyway. Stop doing that. My mother's coming any minute."

"I know how to drive-just not this kinda car. Just show me how."

Now he flung the clutch up and down.

"Stop that! You better get outta this car now. My mother's coming any minute."

"You and me'll run away and get married. Just show me how to drive this car."

As frightened as Gail had become, this was the first marriage proposal she'd received. She was intrigued. After all, this was what everyone told her was the mark of success for a girl. you got married. So no matter how outlandish the proposal, she was flattered.

"You get out of this car right now." Doreen suddenly shrieked from the back seat.

He turned quickly toward her. Crack! He slapped Doreen full across the face so fast it took Gail a minute to comprehend just what had happened. She was fascinated. A slap across the face sounded just like you'd expect it to.

Doreen's face was purple now, her mouth forming a perfect " O" from which not a sound was emitted. Gail felt no compulsion to defend Doreen in any way.

"You sit down," he snapped to Lisa.

Lisa's small legs flung straight out

Continued to page 39

The Declining Quality of Education in America: a Myth

by T.K. Bowers

It is widely held today that the education of the American public is on the wane, including the fundamental moral and ethical training which has traditionally been assumed by parents and to a lesser extent, churches. Popular phrases such as "Johnny can't read" are constantly bandied about in the press and a federal investigative committee went so far as to describe what they saw as "a rising tide of mediocrity" in the nation's public schools. As could be expected, accusing fingers were pointed in every direction. Parents, teachers, students, administrators, government, and society were all to blame, depending on who one spoke with. The question of what steps are to be taken in order to stem this "rising tide" is now being heatedly debated, as is that of who should implement them once they are agreed upon. It is an issue which is in the forefront of the media and is politically important, especially in the light of the upcoming election. In short, no one is sure what to do about it, but everyone seems to agree that education in the United States is in trouble and this deficiency is reflected in the general ignorance and apathy of the nation's young people.

I, however, number myself among those few who find sound reasons to dissent from this popular view. I am, after all, a product of the American educational system and therefore feel I can speak with some authority on the subject. I've not only been witness to but have actually experienced the incredibly broad and in-depth schooling which is afforded one here. The beneficiaries of this intensive course of study emerge into adulthood fully possessing the basic skills needed to succeed in their world and much more. Their moral development especially is carefully supervised and maintained by that excruciatingly responsible and conscientious mentor, television. This is reassuring since it is generally accepted as fact that the careful molding of young minds is vital to the success of a civilization. Through this wonderous medium our children become extremely well versed in the proper attitudes towards sex and violence which will stand them in good stead as they wend their way through present-day life in America, fraught as it is with a myriad of temptations and inconsistencies.

After all, who wants Huckleberry Finn or Moby Dick or today's headlines for that matter floating around one's head muddling thoughts in the middle of a hot Pac Man match?

Even the most casual of glances will afford the observer many opportunities to see this intensive education in action. Everywhere one looks there are young people engaged in activities which can only further their development into good Americans. For instance, there was the high school acquaintance of mine whose sensibilities were rightly appalled to see a middle-aged woman actually insert money into a newspaper machine which had already been opened by the man in front of her. She could easily have removed a paper when the man took

Continued to page 40

DICKIE IN MORTE TRIUMPHANS

Jack Dashner

Peter scooped up the last shovelful of manure and dumped it into the wheelbarrow with a practiced movement of his wrists, then leaned the shovel against the stall and backed carefully out of the shed, pulling the wheelbarrow.

"Hey, don't you know you're supposed to push those things?" Peter glared across the corral at Colin, perched on the top rail of the fence, his fat, good-natured face dripping with sweat.

"Did you bring the wrench?" Peter asked.

Colin opened the corral gate then stepped back, holding his nose. "How can one horse make that much shit every day?"

"The sonovabitch just does it to piss me off." Peter liked the sound of it when he swore, but he didn't want to get in the habit because he might slip in front of his parents, and he didn't want to give them any excuse to keep him in after supper for the rest of the summer. The ancient animal, secure in his years and privileged position in the family, paid no attention and went on eating oats from the bin in his wall-less shed.

Quickly dumping the wheelbarrow, Peter turned and ran it back across the corral to where Colin had the garden hose stretched it its limit. As soon as the wheelbarrow was hosed clean the boys attacked the four bolts holding its bucket to the frame.

"Good thing I put penetrating oil on these last night." Colin was smug; Peter might come up with all the ideas, but it was Colin who knew how to use tools and equipment to carry them out.

"Just don't lose the nuts and bolts. I have to have this thing back together before my father comes home." Peter watched Colin push the bolts into his pocket and then pick up the bucket of the wheelbarrow and invert it on top of his head like a huge helmet.

"Your head is going to smell like horse shit."

"So what! Maybe I like horse shit." But Colin lifted the bucket away from his head as they started across the corral towards the woods behind the house.

Dickie, the horse, turned one evil, yellow eye toward the boys, picked up one of his hind legs as though to kick, then, as if thinking better of it lowered the leg and emitted a long rasping fart just as Peter passed behind him.

"Jesus Christ!" Peter leaped over the fence to where Colin lay convulsed on the ground with laughter.

"God!" That was better than anything Quimby could do."

Quimby was Donald Quimby, the smallest member of their gang, whose chief talent lay in being able to gulp air as though he were drinking it, and then fart enormously. He saved his masterpieces for a quiet time in class where Miss Downes, their sixth grade teacher, was much too genteel even to acknowledge the existence of such a sound. Colin swore that on some of Quimby's best efforts he could actually see the milk money on Miss Downes's desk vibrating.

They moved down a narrow path, and soon Peter held out his arm to stop Colin.

"The signal. Don't forget the signal." Peter cupped his hands around his mouth and made a hooting sound.

"I don't know if that's too cool," Colin whispered. "Owls aren't supposed to be hooting the daytime."

A gigantic fart echoed through the now silent woods, and Peter stomped angrily into the small clearing.

"Quimby, you're supposed to whistle like a bluejay."

"That was a bluejay fart."

"O.K., asshole, you're out of the gang."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute." The speaker was a tall boy with thick glasses and pimples; the vaguest trace of a moustache darkened his upper lip.

"You on his side, Gershon?"

"No, but we could hear you guys coming since you left your yard. Besides, me and Quimby got everything ready to go."

Peter decided to forget the incident in view of the fact that Quimby was such a good worker and also supplied some of the key material for their latest project.

"Did you find a suitable projectile?" Peter loved to use big words in front of what he thought of as his troops.

"Yeah, we got a nice round boulder that weighs one hundred and twenty-eight pounds." Quimby was very matter of fact.

"How do you know how much it weighs?" asked Colin.

Quimby choked back a laugh and pointed to Gershon.

"Yeah, and we're going to have to buy my mother a new bathroom scale too, you jerk."

"What happened?" Peter tried to keep an appropriately sympathetic look as he surveyed the mangled pink plastic remains. Colin and Quimby snickered in the background.

Gershon pushed his glasses up with grimy finger and sat down on a nearby stump, happy to be the center of attention. "Well, after we weighed the stone, shithead thought we ought to weight the counterweight too, so we put the scale under it..."

"He was almost the first projectile," interrupted Quimby.

"Shut up and let me tell it! Anyway, we put the scale under the counterweight of the catapult, which I might add was cocked." He glared at Quimby.

"Yeah, but I thought you were..."

Shut up! I'll tell them. Anyhow, the idea was for me to sit on the projectile end and Quimby would cut the rope and jump on, too. We figured that since we weighed twice as much as the stone, the counterweight would go down slow."

All eyes turned to "the project." It was in the form of a gigantic saw horse with a fifty-foot-long ash trunk balanced across it; Peter had insisted on ash because that was what the book from the library had said the Romans used. At one end of the beam was attached a fifty-five gallon drum filled with sand. At the other end the trunk forked into a huge "y." The midpoint of the trunk was lashed tightly to the cross piece of the saw horse, which was about eight feet off the ground, and the four legs of the device were buried deeply in the sandy loam of the clearing. There was a deep indentation under the counterweight, where it had slammed down, and a block and tackle—used for cocking purposes— lay at the other end.

Peter was grinning now, too. "How

it feel?"

"Are you kidding? Gershon had to go home and change his pants." Quimby and Colin were stamping on the ground in delight.

"Yeah, bullshit, Quimby! Remember when you thought you were blind from the napalm?"

"Oh God! That was pissah."

Colin had tears in his eyes now; he was pounding the ground in ecstasy.

The naplam had been another of Peter's ideas. He had read in a newspaper how the heroic freedom fighters in Budapest had mixed gasoline and soap powder in their Molotov cocktails to use against the Russian tanks.

"Okay, okay, let's get this thing finished." Peter was taking command again.

"Did you guys bring the watchamacallit, uh, what do you call that part of the wheelbarrow, Peter?"

Peter didn't like not having an answer for any question. "Uh, yeah." He paused. "It's the, uh, mangonel on the catapult. I forget what it is on a wheelbarrow."

Colin and Quimby were busily lashing the wheelbarrow's bucket tightly to the fork in the end of the trunk.

"Think this sucker will shoot all the way to the pond?" asked Gershon.

Peter tried to look scientific. "Well, if my calculations are correct, it will land somewhere in the pond, or in the cornfield in front of it."

"What calculations?"

"Don't worry about it. It'll land in the pond. Besides, my house is the only one between here and the pond. If I'm not worried about it, why should you be?"

"Okay, Peter, it's ready." Colin and Gershon lifted the stone into the bucket and looked expectantly at Peter.

"Ready? Okay, pass me my sword, Quimby."

"You mean the machete?"

"Look, do you want to be in this gang, or what?"

Gershon picked up the machete and handed it to Peter. "Never mind, captain, here's your sword."

"Maybe we should have a forward observer," said Peter, looking pointedly at Quimby.

"Naw, we all want to see it go off. We can just walk along the flight path; if we don't find the stone in the cornfield, we'll know it landed in the pond. Cut the rope."

Peter took a firm grip on the machete, looked meaningfully around at the other three and swung with all his might. The bucket, with the stone rising roundly out of it, rose about six inches and then seemed to hesitate as the beam flexed. Suddenly, the bucket whipped upward, and the ground trembled beneath their feet as the counterweight thudded down.

"Wow!"

"Holy Mackerel!"

"Pissssah!"

The boulder was climbing, as if under its own power, slowly turning end over end and growing smaller by the instant.

Colin looked up at it pensively and then made his pronouncement. "It's going straight up. What goes straight up must come straight dow--"

"Holy shit! Every man for himself!" screamed Peter. Quimby was already streaking into the woods on the far side of the clearing.

Peter ran blindly through the woods. Branches and thorns tore at his face

Continued to page 39

Ellen Ryan

Violence Against Gays: Homophobia Then and Now

Peter Manale

"Numbers have dehumanized us. So begins Dalton Trumbo in the 1970 introduction to his classic anti-war novel *Johnny Got His Gun.*

"An equation:" Trumbo continues, "40,000 dead young men = 3,000 tons of bone and flesh, 124,000 pounds of brain matter, 50,000 gallons of blood, 1,840,000 years of life that will never be lived... Do we scream in the night when [this] touches our dreams? No. We don't dream about it because we don't care about it."

While Mr. Trumbo was discussing our society's lack of concern about the death of Americans in the Vietnam War, he might just as easily have been referring to worldwide apathy about the countless gay men who perished under the tyranny of Adolf Hitler. Estimtes of the number dead range anywhere from 10,000 to 1,000,000.

Such numbers are overwhelming. We cannot even begin to grasp the total personal loss involved in such destruction. We can look at Nazi pictures of the heaps of emaciated corpses thrown together like kindling—but we must quickly avert our gaze; the horror is too much to contemplate.

We can attempt to understand the gravity of this atrocity by linking it with fictional scenarios. If, for example, deranged administrators at U Mass-Boston summoned *all* students to a "special meeting" and systematically shot each student upon arrival the massacre would be close to the most conservative estimates on the number of gay men who lost their lives under Nazi domination.

These comparisons are somehow more palatable. The body count seems less threatening. By removing our attention from the reality of the past onto an unlikely (but more immediate) situation, the totality of human life obliterated is less unfathomable. We can begin to understand the significance of the numbers.

While it is important to come to grips with the magnitude of the destruction, another important step in facing the past is to realize the humiliation and anguish inflicted upon the *individual* under these hellish conditions. Individuals were arrested; individuals were tortured; individuals' lives were abruptly disrupted and destroyed. It is only on this level that we— as individuals— can truly perceive the inhumanity toward gays at the hands of the Nazis. It is only by realizing the agony of the individual that the number of men who died truly becomes real for us.

Last year, my lover and I attended a local production of the play *Bent* by Martin Sherman. Like the novel *Johnny Got His Gun* — which proved to be an effective and moving condemnation of war— *Bent* concentrates on the life of *one* man who must hopelessly struggle against adverse conditions. The play chronicles the life of Max, a gay man who, with his lover, is arrested by the Nazis. On route to Dachau, his lover is fatally wounded by sadistic guards and thrown at Max's feet. Max, frightened for his own safety and with his life in danger, disavows his relationship with the dying man. The guards not only force Max to beat his lover but also to deny their "friendship" with each blow.

In the camp, despite deprivation and the harshness of the work, Max while posing as a Jew befriends another gay prisoner who leads him to feel and love again, and to be proud of his gay identity. Suspicious of their relationship, an SS captain demands that Max watch as his new lover is commanded to walk into an electrified fence. The lover instead charges the captain and is shot to death. Max, unable to endure any more, puts on his lover's tattered jacket with a large pink triangle sewn on the front, which brands the prisoner a homosexual — and ends his life by — walking into the fence.[1]

Sitting through *Bent* was an unpleasant and distressing experience, but a necessary one; the drama was overwhelming. Not only did the play graphically depict the cruelty of the Nazis against gays, but, more importantly, it emphasized the emotional as well as physical damage of this unjustified punishment on three-dimensional victims. For the first time the nameless, faceless numbers, the numbers of dead, became real. And the numbers could no longer be so easily dismissed or forgotten.

The Nazis implemented one of the most blatant and brutal forms of legalized homophobia the world has ever seen: the imprisonment and murder of tens of thousands of individuals solely on the basis of their sexual orientation. Unlike the Jews, most homosexuals were not taken directly to extermination camps, but rather to forced-labor camps where, under deliberately harsh and deplorable conditions, "the average life expectancy for the prisoners could be no more than a matter of months. The general fate of homosexual prisoners was to be worked to death, or to die of brutality in the process. The 'surplus' of the homosexual concentration population [was] deported to Auschwitz."[2] Exhaustion, starvation, work-related injuries, illness, beatings, shootings, torture, suicide, and medical experimentation were typical reasons for death.

The Nazis did not invent homophobia; they merely knew how to draw out and manipulate this hatred for their own destructive ends.

The rationalizations offered by the Nazis for the persecution and killing of gays were far from original. Explainations in Frank Rector's *The Nazi Extermination of Homosexuals*[3] include the following: (1) Homosexuals are weak and effeminate degenerates and thus a threat to national security which relies on the brute strength of "real" men. (2) Homosexuals, because they do not produce offspring, are forced to recruit from the "normal" population of young men. The presence of gays within the ranks of the SS and other paramilitary organization poses a special threat to the purity of these groups. "Such a man always drags ten others after him, otherwise he can't survive," observed Himmler.[4] 3) Homosexuals who don't have children are threats to the survival and continuation of the German race. (4) Homosexuals who do have children must also be condemned; inevitably they will pass along and perpetuate their despicable condition.

By fabricating and campaigning against these "threats" posed by gays, the Nazis were able to incite the already-existing homophobic feelings of the masses to the point that the rounding up, incarceration, and butchering of known homosexuals became an acceptable and moral solution. The Nazis did not invent homophobia; they merely knew how to draw out and manipulate this hatred for their own destructive ends.

A few psychologists (far fewer than those who are narrowly preoccupied with the genesis of homosexuality itself) have speculated on the causes of homophobia. One theory suggests that the persecution of lesbians and gay men stems from the

persecutors' own struggles with supressed homosexual feelings. To fight against these hidden urges, the individual strikes out at a known homosexual. In effect, the individual attempts to squelch her/his own feelings by extirpating all objects of temptation. While this theory of reaction formation no doubt explains the motivations of some homophobes, it is unlikely that all homophobes are closet homosexuals.

Other theories propose that homophobia arises within societies that are sexually repressive and/or maintain strict and distinct roles for men and women. By punishing individuals who are accused of straying from the norm, the desirability of "normal" traits is reinforced. Gays, labeled "abnormal," become easy targets. Society castigates them for reasons of gender role as well as sexual expressiveness. This may explain why sterotypes that all gays are frivolously promiscuous and "dykey" or "sissified" persist — even with substantial evidence to the contrary.

These theories may come closer to explaining the underlying reasons for homophobia in Germany in the late Thirties around the time of Hitler's rise to power. A shift in public sentiment demanded a return to conservatism, both in defining acceptable sexual behavior and in delegating disparate roles for men and women. The higher status was granted lopsidedly to the males. The glorification of masculinity as defined by the Nazis led inevitably to the degradation of anything considered unmasculine, e.g., homosexuality. By making scapegoats of homosexual men who were labeled as sexual perverts *and* effeminate the Nazis effectively stressed the consequences of sexual and gender nonconformity.

And the consequence for thousands of gays was death. Attempts to publicize the Nazi treatment of homosexuals have been impeded on many fronts. Homosexuals were a distinct, visible group within the German camps, identified by conspicuous pink triangles on their prison garb. After liberation this reality was — and continues to be — suppressed and ignored. Historians have all but overlooked the mass murder of gays in Nazi Germany. Western grovernments, in their memorials and museums, have refused to expose the slaughtering of homosexuals. While we seem ready and eager to categorize the homosexual as a criminal, pervert, molester, and a host of other labels — there is still a reluctance to identify any gay person as victim. Some of this suppression, ironically enough, comes from individuals who may also have been victims of fascist Germany:

> *Item:* In 1978 a commission in West Hartford, Connecticut decided that gay victims would not be acknowledged in a memorial monument to honor those persecuted and murdered by the Nazis. Defending this decision, Rabbi Issac Avigdor proclaimed that "homosexuality is a sin in the Biblical sense. I am not out to fight homosexuals but I won't insult the Jewish people by placing them in the same monument as with homosexuals."[5]

When we examine the persecution of gays by the Nazis, we cannot do so without addressing the destruction also wrought upon other groups within Nazi Germany, most notably the Jews. Their extermination far surpassed the destruction of gays. While we must continue to vigorously examine and publicize the effects of anti-semitism in Nazi Germany, we cannot let this effort completely overshadow or diminish our exploration of gay persecution. Some would not agree.

> *ITEM:*Reviewing a book abouth the death of gays by the Nazis (written by a gay man), a writer in the *New York Times* was annoyed that "some homosexuals -following a path well trodden by other non-Jewish victims of the Nazis -- are now trying to deny the unique place of Hitler's war against the Jews in the annals of evil....A homosexual could obivously have minimized his chances of detection by staying in the closet."[6]

Oppression is oppression, regardless of the targets or the body count involved. Surely in our information-rich culture the disclosure of other sides of Nazi violence (including the killing of gypsies, Jehovah's Witnesses, mental patients, and those found to be politically incorrect, among others) should pose no threat to the well—established fact of the Holocaust. It is unthinkable, however, that we should place one historical atrocity in competition with another, with the assumption that only the most horrifying will be revealed, examined, and condemned. Oppression of all kinds must be fought at the source, not by blaming the victims or by pitting victim against victim.

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Adolf Hitler is dead. The Third Reich is no more. Yet, outliving all political regimes, homophobia persists.

> *ITEM:* Following the overthrow of the Nazis, the new government in West Germany suggested that a small financial payment should be made to surviving camp victims as a token gesture of restitution for their persecution. Such compensation, a sympathetic acknowledgment of the suffering endured by the survivors, was offered to all victims - - except homosexuals. Those gays who survived Nazi internment were still considered criminals and not worthy of restitution.

While virtually no society today would socially or politically condone the harsh treatment of gays by the Nazis, homosexually is, at best, uneasily tolerated.(A clear distinction must be made between "tolerance" and "acceptance.") At worst, harassment and violence against gays continues. The homophobia is evident.

> *ITEM:* Queer-bashing has become a popular sport for some adolescents and young adults. These groups of heterosexuals seek out homosexual targets (usually in urban, gay communities) and attack, maim, and sometimes murder their victims.

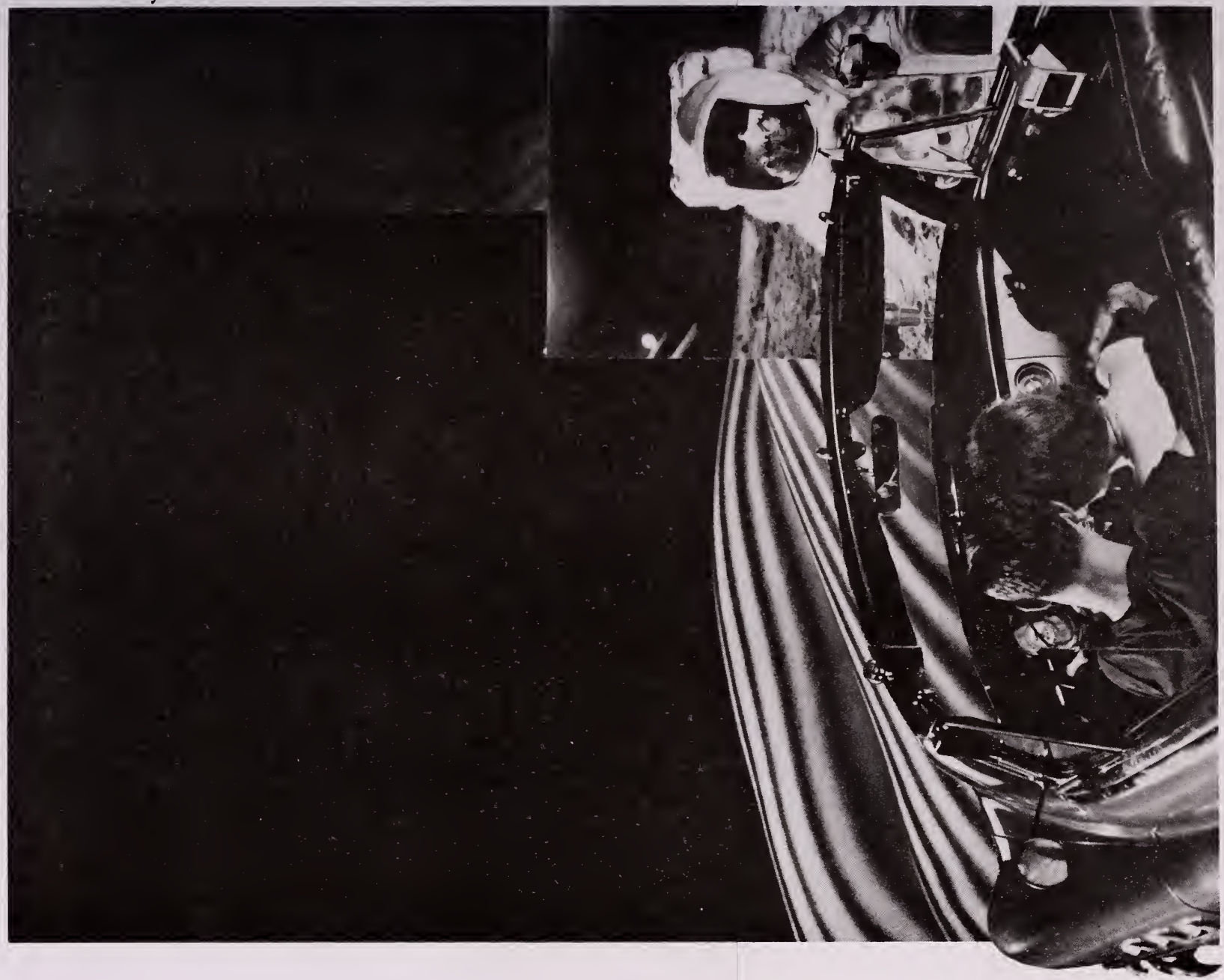
In Providence, Rhode Island, for instance, a few months ago six males, all in their early 20's, harassed another man they encountered in the vicinity of a gay bar. Following him, they taunted him, "Are you a faggot?" Presumably the man was: he was cornered in an alley and beaten up and thrown to the ground, where he was repeatedly kicked in his face and stomach.,

> *ITEM:* Greg Dixon, national secretary of the Moral Majority, revealed the depth of his hatred for gays in the candid statement:"I say either fry 'em or put them in a pen. Don't unleash them on the human race...I don't know how you can ever get [society] to put these homosexuals to death, but God's word would uphold that. They which comit such things are worthy of death.(sic)''[8]

> *ITEM:*"I think you lesbians are scum. You're the sickest things on earth. You're the most disgusting things that have ever come to Northampton," said an anonymous caller to a telephone answering machine belonging to a prominent lesbian in the Northampton, Massachusetts, community.

A note left at a feminist bookstore was addressed "To all homosexual groups: We as a community are sick of the threat of Gay Life to our children, Families, and life in this city... we are dedicated...to the 'eradication' of gays in this area. We will root out and expel the extremist homosexual germ by peaceful or violent means." A group called SHUN (Stop Homosexual Unity Now) claimed responsibility for the letter.

Continued to page 40



Two Kids From Beyond the Sun

Rob Colecchia

Rowan and Serj come from a planet where time is subject to individual perception. When these bright kids first encountered Earth on the Hologram Reality Screen, to their dismay they found her to be a barren planet. The Hologram Reality Screen is part of a communications station which can be found in every community on their planet. This technology allowed Rowan, and her boyfriend Serj, to plug in films and tapes they had found of Earth and, in this way, create various realities. They began to take their project a bit further, and this is how they became outlaws. I mean, Christ, she was thirteen and he was sixteen and they were fucking around with things like history, holograms, and time. They were blatantly breaking the law, so they split.

After viewing the film *The Wizard of Oz,* they visited the Middle East in the time of Moses. Now, Rowan projected herself as the all-powerful Wizard, 'cause she found Moses somewhat of a sexist, but Moses and his people took the whole thing too seriously, so they moved on. Then Rowan decided to be God, and she suggested that she and Serj travel apart for awhile; Serj decided he was no more than a hologram himself, and took the name Holy Spirit with the intention of pointing himself at earth. They decided they would meet once a year, and then kissed each other goodbye.

Maybe the crazy Indian poet who hung around the monument made the whole story up to freak out the tourists. This was 1953. Within a generation the whole town would be mostly controlled by Moonies. The Indian was much more prolific and a hell of a lot more creative than Reverend Moon. Perhaps the Poet planted the ficticious scrolls in the caves, just a mile or so from the heart of Gloucester, Mass., so he would have something to keep him smiling in that dismal time. Could the Jehovah in the Old Testament really be a thirteen year old girl who walks her Irish Setter across time? The Indian would talk of a colony, long ago, made up of renegades from one of Columbus's ships. The sailors, he said, lived in this colony with some Indians, and these two kids would teach them to talk to dolphins, or they would just sit around in this grassy field playing with the machines the kids had brought by. Most of the time they would share in story telling and teaching each other about the way they lived. The dolphins were great at helping them find connections.

Things got strange for me after meeting the Indian in Gloucester in 1953. The police came and took him in and he left town, probably to disturb the minds of tourists somehere else. Anyway, I took the scrolls from the caves and thought a lot about dolphins and sailors and kids from outer space. Indians and dolphins I thought of, in comic book fashion, and took on the religious ideas of the ages. I guess those sailors didn't have the heart for mutiny, so when Columbus landed in Cuba, they somehow made their way to Gloucester.

The Holy Spirit moved along through the heart of things, driving a red astral Mustang. Very Zen, he screeched the auto to a halt, pulled a fresh pack of Lucky Strikes from his vest and packed them abruptly on the hood of the car. The Holy Spirit walked his German Shepherd to New England water. He met God there, by the river. As always, She was with her Irish Setter. She never grew up, but the Irish Setter did.

"He looks more like a wise old lion than an Irish Setter," the Holy Spirit observed.

Then she offered him a demitasse cup, poured some expresso into it, and cried, "You are the word man."

And he said, "I know. You are too." Spirit lit a cigarette and watched Autumn colorfully snatch every leaf from every tree. The leaves changed from florescent and full to pale brown and then floated on the river.

Spirit waited there 'till God was skating on the new ice--her Irish Setter waiting on the bank. Spirit just watched. She skated over to him and they talked about the things they had seen and felt together, like the time they had met that guy in Nazereth who could *walk* on water. Then God asked him, smiling, "Remember Lenny, and the wild Indian poet eating peyote in that upper room in the Village?"

Spirit paused, thinking, then replied, "Yeah, we drove bikes with Che, checked out the situation in Bolivia right around that time."

And God got to looking very sad, and said, "All three of those guys died too soon: crucified by The Man. Oh well. I wonder where that German Shepherd went. She always runs off."

The Irish Setter was drinking the water from the ice and snow that melted behind the Spirit and God as they walked away from the river and headed across the field. The three of them rolled around on the ground. Then God and the Spirit made love. God's dog was staring at the German Shepherd that was making its way from a distant wooded grove.

Spirit said, "It's getting late. Got to drive back to the concrete." German Shepherd ran to the car and jumped into the red Mustang convertible. Spirit said, "See you soon," and God just smiled good-bye. Spirit put the auto in astral and moved on through the heart of things.

Snow beneath the wheels, causing the car to slip. Windshield wipers brushing rainbows. Sun on the convertible roof. Irish setter, orange, looking like a lion, eating food from the hand of a forever thirteen-year-old female God. God in the valley, the Spirit on the highway, mocking time: eternally sixteen, but he's only five in his heart.

Spirit's dreaming of the next year, driving on base level knowledge with one hand, the other hand lighting a Lucky Strike that's dangling from his lips; he throws the black lighter on the dash. The Holy Spirit just smiles, puts a tape into system, and whispers, "I guess we are all on our own."

Spring Wavelength Contest

There will be a contest for artists, photographers, fiction writers and essayists. The winning writers will be invited to participate in a public reading, and the winning artists and photographers will be invited to mount a show of their works.

Deadlines: Monday, March 5th for written material
Friday, March 6th for visual material

You need not enter the contest to submit, but we will assume that all submissions are entries unless you indicate otherwise. If you win, you need not participate in the public event.

Please leave work:

1) at the *Wavelength* office (1-6-091) of if nobody's there,
2) in the English department office (1-6) in the *Wavelength* mail slot, or
3) in the SAC office (1-4-181) in the *Wavelength* mail slot.

When submitting:

Photographers- -please write your name on the back of every photograph, and include address and phone number with submission.

Writers- -we also need your address and phone number.(Poets- -put this on every poem, please.)

Please do *not* submit your only copy of anything. If there is an easy way to reach you on campus it would be helpful if you indicated where and when along with your home number.

CORNER COURT

She crosses the street
At the corner.
Caressing her sweater
Stroking the stares
That gaze at her symmetry.
We were not first
Not the first to notice
To watch thighs beat together
Our bodies thinking
Wanting to be elsewhere
Cocktails at Two A.M. in her flat
Tucked by the shadow of her outline
Light borrowed from a quartered moon
She is foreign to us
Accent carved by teenage lust.
We talk as she passes
Faces pressed against store glass
Stretched around the corner
Eyelids popped shut
Closed behind our need to judge.

T.J. Anderson III

PEGASUS'S RIDER

Somewhere between February and March
Pegasus rode across the suburban night
With hoof-prints indenting the darkness.
She too is a refugee.
Just like the charging horse
Corralled by her fears
and has crusted sleep draping from swollen eyes.
Her husband sits in a tavern with friends.
Laughing in stained corduroy suits
And pinching a young girl's ass.
Marooned at her window
She waits for him, empty and intimate.
She wants to ride Pegasus.
Ah, but to keep the fire burning
And pass it on to strangers.
However, to her it's useless.
Whiskey is more likely to burn.
So, she drinks from a bottle, uncheated.
I phoned her asking to speak to him.
Said he wasn't in.
Told me she was tired of waiting on him
And dipping potato chips into sour cream
And having them crumble
Before they can reach her mouth.

T.J. Anderson III

HAULING MUD

Under the superstitious glance
of a green sunset
Cap'n Johnny staggers from
the wheelhouse clutching his
Dewar's and rocks and
belches the command:
CAST OFF YOU BASTARDS!
the diesel bitches, I
rush to fix supper—
corned beef, cabbage, hot
gingerbread and warm cool
whip. After the plates are cleared,
the galley scrubbed, I smoke
on the fantail as we rumble
through the Fore River Gut
into the open sea

The scow's fixed fast to
our starboard hip
loaded with five thousand
yards of slick grey mud
reflecting a three quarter yellow moon.
The clouds pile
on the horizon
and the phosphorus
awakens in the swells.
We'll hit the twenty-mile mark
about three A.M;
dump our precious cargo,
then I'll take the wheelwatch
and head us for home.

From my bunk I see
huge lanterns dangling
in the summer night sky.
Jarred from sleep, I
struggle to open
the watertight hatch
into a howling sou'wester
and the deck's awash
with roiling foam.
I slide on hip
boots and oilskins
—those snug steel
toes reassure me.
Steadying my sealegs on
the pitching deck, all
I can think is:
"I must get to the galley and
make fresh coffee."
Instinctively searching
the horizon for Boston Light
but it's not there
—only sheets of black rain that
stings my face as the panic crawls
up my back

When the lighting strikes
for an instant it's high noon
the city's under attack
—we're not doing
much better out here.

Over the wind
and thunder I hear
Johnny growl in the wheelhouse above:
KEEP HER ON COURSE DAMNIT!
I wonder if he's called
the Coast Guard yet.
Steaming coffeepot and
hot-mitt in hand, I inch
up the gally ladder into
the wheelhouse, where radio
chatter and the glow
of radar comforts me.
Charlie the Mate snaps:
"Take the rudder—she's
heeling bad to port."
He snatches the coffee pot,
pours me a cup, then
they disappear below.

I lock my arms and grip the
tarnished brass wheel with
sweaty palms while Johnny
barks at me:
WATCH OUT FOR THAT GODDAMN
'B' BUOY ON THE SCOPE
The scow, now an empty pull-
toy, skids behind us on
a hundred-yard hawser.

Trapped in this half-moon terrarium,
just a speck on the ocean with
radar and compass for eyes,
I feel lonely and helpless
wishing I was somewhere, anywhere else
as the whitecaps keep slamming us
with cruel precision,
I flick on the searchlight,
aim it at the bow riding
too low in the water.
The squalls look like islands
threatening me on radar. I
track their approach, crouched at
my post, bracing for the grinding crunch
of steel and rock which never comes.

I am a pseudo-seaman! And
the rest of the crew is
SLEEPING THROUGH THIS!
The wheel and I are
one, my knees jammmed into
the spokes, knuckles whitening,
my mechanical eyes check
radar and course, my paranoid
mind distrusts them both.
We're twelve miles out but
it seems like a thousand.
I turn her into the wind
and my thoughts
keep sinking and drowning.

Todd Parent

OF NATURAL CAUSES

(en nuestras barrancas controamericanas)

For us, the cause consistent with the norm
(thus, 'natural') is the garrotte. Wrists bound
behind, redundant stimata conform:
the welts where burning cigarettes were ground;

torn organs, lewdly twisted limbs, attest
that priapism complements their hate
(insensate else), and lends them ribald zest--
dull, vicious clones—picked warders of the State

The feral will—possession of the means—
(sufficient natural cause at Wounded Knee,
Chapultepec, My Lai) glut our ravines
with daily quotas of obscentity.

The *Yanqui* Congress (naturally), to build
Democracy, botes funds to keep them filled.

Walter Wells

Mary Ellen Sullivan

Photo from the exhibit "Terminal New York"

CONVERSATION WITH MYSELF

the tulips are opening
in my living room
give to me so that i can smile

Amy taught me how
to cut them the best way
allowing for greater water flow
who'd have thought i'd grow
up in a world where you have to pay
for flowers
but i'm so far beyond
disillusionment now
after assuming responsibility for it all

give to me so that i can smile

there's a strong Bolivian
rhythm in my head
there's a step-on-the-gas
kind of feeling in my head
there's a young man inside of me
who can give to his roots, his class
and dare to advance

somewhere to take each other:
we can have government of the people
that will bring us flowers each day
we have
somewhere to take each other
after jobs and respect
we can have flowers

Frank Afflitto

MY CLUMSIEST DEAR

You stumble through life in the wake of destruction
Leaving debris wherever you go
Your day is an eruption of minor disasters
And a list of casualties that continues to grow

A mumbled apology forever on your lips
Always late—No never on time
A spiller of drinks, a breaker of crystal
And a master of accidents sublime

Some call you clumsy, others—"a fool"
And some, well they don't know you at all
But I for one wouldn't trade one last stain
For the chance to soften your fall

Eileen McKinnon

NADIA

i bummed
that cigarette from your lips
your looks
didn't incite my desire to know
of you rather
your heritage
your tragedy
your strength
your future

i'd suck your Lebanese saliva
from this butt dry
to bring back your family
i'd hijack a cigarette corporation
to bring back your family
i'd steal Winston-Salem, North Carolina
to avenge your family
overrun the graveyards
yellow marigolds in your hair

if your own personal dictionary
could eliminate the term "refugee"
if your people's status could be
defined by the term "free"
if dreams are for dreaming
here i come...
i'll work my tail off
and i will
Nadia, Nadia
and i will

Frank Afflitto

EXPATRIATE

Some steps, once taken
can never be retraced.
and so it was
that I became homeless.
Not
because I failed to make this home—
but
because I did.

The best, I carried into this exile
left the better still behind.
So that—
looking down the street
there is always:
the long view
    a surf-stretching Forward
and the longer remembrance
    an undertow-pulling Back.

That gives no reciprocity.
And they leave me
with no place to return to.

J.B. Gerard

Sally Jacobson

A NAKED PRAYER

City
where religion
is simple
the girl
all sacrifice
lingers
a bead of moisture
above her eyes

and the men
in loose priestly robes
are white
comfortable
sooth-sayers

smiles
secret whispering
lethargic lids

she tires.

Russell Folsom

Sally Jacobson

ROY MEDIROS

UNTITLED

My watch is a second
in which
cars pass through the night
a chained dog barks
unlinking the moon

While God sleeps in a desert
my mother sews in thoughts of a child
my brother adjusts his hat
while talking to his son

And I sit
at the kitchen table
imagining myself
in a red dress
walking across Russia
in Jamaca
along the sea
with blossoms floating
To Africa
my hands touching an ivory tusk
my dress moving with zebras
in savanna dust

Suddenly,
my dog barks
at the sound
of a neighbors key
and I stare at the confines
of red and white checks
on my tablecloth.

Niki Aukema

Caroline Fernandes

DREAM LETTERS

In print and spacing like my own type,
the letters smudged
on pages of no substance,
yours of this morning received, dear Ann,
still asleep.

The phrases shift through my closed, intent eyes
"accur a gran, no not am my
abetter to none yo one"
Changing to cursive script,
your message finds
the space accustomed to its countours.
I know how you move your hands,
I sense your pace

reverting to dream, I write on the same
lucent paper. My hands glow
in light attracted by my face.
A sentence forms, co-ordinate with
the body of your letter
"visium su um avlun screan
I nay..." - as much sympathy
as I can show.

Aware of its motive, regret half-masked
by nonsense, my mind constructs
its dream works, matches longings
I feel with yours. In deep sleep
I send them.
No closing.

Donald Kelly

YOU ASKED ME NOT TO CALL

You asked me not to call
until late afternoon,
but I need to talk to you now.

My mind is full of vapor,
I'm having a frightening dream.

I know I'm asleep, time's balance
has shifted. Night is predominant,
its forces shape the day.

My body is a tangle, a retort that burns
the stuff that I see.

I put the receiver against my cheek
where ringing drops of music spill.

In efficient secretarial style
you give another number, mention
office hours

You read today's quote: "the science of mind
enables us to see
real human traits, out attitudes' sums
and combinations. This is the procedure
of psychology."

When your speech ends automatically
I listen for the tone. My ear burns
on the plastic
I hear sizzling, confusion, open wire.

Donald Kelly

BRIGHT SAILBOATS GONE

(The good ship Yulan went down in a fierce storm off Gloucester, Massachusetts, on October 10, 1894.The abandoned ship, half submerged, had drifted to Long Beach by November 1st of that year. It is there even today, its hull burried in the sand. After the winter storms have carried sand from the beach, you may see its bow above the cold waters of the ebb tide.)

No one enjoys the beach today. Unbroken waves return
Empty to the sand. Fog slips over the peninsula
And covers the slate grey water out beyond the reach.
Ducks huddle to one end of the marsh, moving like pawn
In an onyx pool. Pipers weave in and out of foam—
But the fury of past storms has sent other scavengers
Here before, wading to the blackened timbers, and others,
Yet others before, crying in the storm,
Cradling the old bones the sea washes over.

Loosestrife ruffles in the breeze, all the bathers
Done, the bright sailboats gone. Only the ones
Beneath the dark waves' tongue sail, silently
Holding their own against the water wind.

Jane Gale

APATHY

I felt it
before I saw it
knew it
was coming.
At the playground
the kids chose up sides
—but no one competed.
On the battlefield, they
handed out weapons
—but both sides surrenderd, then
left arm-in-arm to celebrate.
Springtime,
the plants went on strike,
one night they just
shut off the power.
Sitting in the dark
you turned your back
—and I didn't even notice.

Todd Parent

Todd Parent

GUERNICA 1937

Guernica
threw shades of black
and white
you cry
of gnashing teeth
technology
which chews up all
humanity

Guernica
we hear you scream
threw open mouths
outstretched arms
dismembered organs
strewn apart
hands, toes, breasts
licked
by tongues of fire
ferociously devouring
All life reduced
to the hollow bellow
of a beast

and what is worse,
guernica, you weren't the first
guernica, and neither will you be
the last.

Stephanie Goldstein

AIRBORNE

It's a very personal matter
Why you won't find me there,
trapped inside a net of sky.
Face scraped by the window-glass.
As close to heaven as one can get.
Walking down aisles of skin and teeth,
Counting drinks, leafing through magazines,
The world opening like a valve.
You will find his shoes next to her torso,
and that is the only way they could have met.
Below, eagle and bear aren't speaking
Korean? American? Russian?
tell me which one do you become
after your skinned muscles swim in a sledge of sea?
traitor-breaths talk while they dig the earth.
their hands are tied behind their backs.
I is death that lies.
I see you in a free-fall, ending there.
keep us airborne, bring us futher
We wh feel the loss
We who utter the names

T.J. Anderson III

SPILLED ALE

Two men confonted each other.
the insignia of a previous skirmish
marred one's left cheek.
He drew forth a knife.
The other followed suit.
The knives gleamed in the faint light
of the seaside bar.
A deathly silence shrouded the room
interrupted only by the incessant howling
of a distant ship's horn.
The glimmer of their steely stare
each waiting for a blink of an eye
a moment of despair-
The shatter of glass subdued the silence
drawing one's attention.
the scarred one lunged.
A gurgling sound
as the blade pushed deep into his chest.
Life, glistening red, gushed.
His body convulsed
and slumped into a heap on the floor
and moved no more.
Light shone on his face
revealing to all-
Steward Smith, cabin boy of the Bounty
killed over a spilled ale.

Stephen Sadowski

DANDELION SOUP

Ma's fingers they pull
they are so numb they pull
potatoes out from boiling water
stick pins into each other
clutch steel wool
to scrub what's already clean

while
her heart it guides glues wings on
the prayer: Dear Lord
    teach us to make something
    out of nothing
the winding of ritual like bandages
round every spontaneous impulse
choking what could have happened

for years
her mind holds
its breath
becomes
no color at all
now it looks
like a dying cactus

you see
the money it came too late;
listen
her mouth it
bites its tongue, then
speaks
the truth, the memory
of picking dandelions for soup

a bowl of weeds in the muggy afternoon

Cindy Schuster

L.A. Madden

BRIDGE WALKER

Wake by the steam engine's howl, by the iron and steel
Of the old railroad bridge
Shaken with the thud of heavy boots of railraod men.
Curled above the stinging sea, open your eyes
To the moss covered ledge swallowed halfway down by foam.
Wake by the iron and steel
Unseen, make peace by the shack with good railroad gin
Tugged frpm a tattered pocket.
Wake to the steam engine's howl.
Twirl smoke rings above the old bridge's back
Hunched and thickened in the chill

Jane Gale

Kerry Curtis

MY SEASONS

1 The grass wakes up.
One spring night—
peepers scream to life.
I love to smell sour
baseball mitts, scrape
infield mud from cleats,
drink morning sun with
the sports page, then
take that first
bare assed swim.

2 I am mad at summer
when it finally
arrives, because it
has made me wait to
lose my shoes, forget
my name, purpose
in life, and social
security number.
Summer's milky nights
mesmerize me
I often
get lost in the sky
and burn the steaks.

3 But wait, summer has
abandoned us, and autumn
depresses me, its frosted
mornings make my brain hurt.
Raking red leaves doesn't
seem to help anymore.
People bundle up, while
the trees get naked
I feel sorry for
naked trees.

4 Snow doesn't like me.
The only thrill
winter brings, is when
the air is crisp and
I piss a design in the
new-fallen-snow—
it sends pleasure chills
up my spine, I watch
the steam rise,
then turn slowly around
to make sure
—nobody is watching.

Todd Parent

PIG LADY

The pig lady visited me last night,
chuckled in my ear.
Blew fog all over my room.
Ate rabbits in the bathroom,
left a furry bloody mess in the tub.

She sneered at my palms over the mirror,
peed on my shiny clean sneakers
suggested I slit my wrists,
--in bed.

Her red eyes flamed,
as she heaved my typewriter
down the stairs.
I slipped into my sequined jacket
the purple one--matching tie,
very casually.

Grabbed those barber shears
snipped a few inches
off her cute snout.
Tossed her out the window quickly,
into the swollen river.
Then watched her bob up and
downstream.

Shortly after
I fired off a note
to my trusted attorney,
explaining my position.
Took a humble bow,
and thanked everyone for coming.

Todd Parent

ACROSS THE SEA

I was born in a land
continually washed by the North Sea
whose flat, fertile miles
ran east
touching the arm of Germany.

I was three
when Mama's arms held me
crossing the sea
in an old war plane
it's weight falling
in the wind and rain
Emergency
landing somewhere, in between
Europe and America
Mama was belted in the seat
throwing up
airsickness on the floor
above the level of the sea
still holding me.

In 1949
Mama stood
at La Guardia airport
a heavy woolen coat
hanging on her arm
her face flushed
with Indian summer heat
looking down at me
pointing at the plane
the salt of the sea
crystallized,
shining on its wing.

Niki Aukema

STATUES

I walked down
Commonwealth Ave.
to Public Garden
looking up
at the statues of men
their coats
stiff
in revolution
a boot, resting on a cannon
a hand, holding a rifle
arms. reining a horse
pawing at the sky

But, the sailor
Samuel Eliot Morrison
newly bronzed
his long coat
breathing in the sea
stopped me

I stood
looking at his face
his smile
expecting his hand
to reach down
and hand me a seashell
still warm with the secret
of waves
rushing in his face

Niki Aukema

Loretta Sells The Piano

Brian Patterson

"Now don't pretend you don't care." These are the words she offers to him, thrusts at him, as he goes out into the world. Tries to go out. Her bulk, the bare hammy arms and the bosom that seems to stretch from the hall closet on one side to the other wall, is planted, stolidly, in his way. "That's what'll get you lost, Frankie. You'll end up not knowing what it is you really want." He shakes his head, uncomfortable, suitcase in one hand.

"Ma," he said, "I'll be okay."

"I know *that*,"she answers. "I want you to be happy."

"And I know that," he tells her, laughing. "Ma, let me go, all right?"

With a sigh she puts her hands on his waist then reaches up, gently, to his collar, folds it under and lets a heavy hand rest on his tie. Her hands go down to his waist. Then up again, the collar gets another unnecessary tuck, the tie, the weight of her hand.

"Ma..."

"Go get your bus, Frank," she says, lowering her hands at her sides. He dosen't know what to say, and for a moment it is quiet. An uncomfortable pause. He makes a move towards the door and without looking up she opens it for him, pulling it back mechanically as he squeezes past. He stops, on the threshold, the sun bursting in around them and then grabs her arm, kisses her cheek, and runs down the long flight of steps without looking back. She shuts the door, carefully, behind him.

"Albert!" she screams when he has crossed the street and disappeared around th corner. "Albert!" she screams again, standing at the bottom of the stairs.

"What?" a thin voice calls back to her from above.

"Albert, get your ass downstairs. Your brother's finally out of here."

"He's gone?" The voice is louder now as Albert comes out of his room and stands at the top of the stairs.

"He's gone. Now move. I want to get that goddamned piano down to Leonard's. See if he'll give me more'n five hundred for it."

"Ma, I can't lift the piano by myself."

"Of course you can't. I'm going to get Phil from next door."

"Me and Phil can't move the piano."

"Phil's going to bring his kid, what's his name, Carl? I'm going to give them twenty-five dollars when Leonard pays me."

"Ma, I don't think me and Phil and Ken, that's his name, Ma, I don't think just the three of us can get the piano down the front steps."

"Listen, Albert, you're going to have to. I can't afford to pay anybody else. You'll just have to find a way. Now get down here."

Albert comes down the stairs, reluctantly, leaning on the bannister. "You'll be sorry when I break my back. I'll be ruined for life."

"Albert, you were ruined for life the day you were born. I'm going to call them over here now, so get all that music off the piano and throw it in a box or something. What did you say the kid's name is ?"

"Ken, Ma his name is Ken."

The piano waits behind them, patiently imposing, thrust half-way through the doorway. Loretta is sedate, leaning on one arm stretched out from her body against one of the substantial columns that hold up the roof of her front porch. "It's the pulley theory, Lasserman," she says to Phil, who is standing on the brink, looking sadly down at the row of tidy cement steps stretching to the street far below them.

"If only you lived on some other street," he says, mostly to himself, shaking his bald head, the sweat already glistening there. The hot sun is right above them.

"You went to college, didn't you?" Loretta continues. "We just tie the rope to one of the legs and then wrap it around one of the pillars here." She slaps the column. "Then we lower it. At our own discretion. Simple." She looks at him intently, like someone dealing with the retarded. "Do you see?" Grabbing her son by one arm, she pulls him from the shadows to stand on the first step down. "Albert can go in front to make sure the wheels stay clear and me, you and...the kid there can hang on to the robe at this end. How does it sound?"

Phil just shakes his head. "I can't think of anything better."

"Well, let's go then," Loretta says vigorously, and she hands the rope to Albert.

The piano takes the first three steps gracefully as they let out the slack with care. Phil is in the front, sitting on the porch, his legs braced against the column, the rope wrapped around it like a thick, brown vein. His son is behind him and Loretta is almost in the doorway, leaning effortlessly at a dignified slant. On the fourth step the piano balks. The middle bottoms out, and it teeters, the wheels whir frantically in the air.

"Pull on it, Albert," Loretta shouts, and they can see his hand slink cautiously around the back and then grasp the round wooden handle. Nothing happens.

"Pull, for Christ's sake, don't pet the damn thing, pull on it!" she shouts again and takes one hand off the rope to wipe the sweat from her forehead. The piano, suddenly, with a grinding rasp of wood on the cement, lurches off the step and back onto its wheels, taking three quick feet of rope with it. Phil shoots forward, smashing abruptly into the column, his legs wrapped around it and his face pressed hard into the chalky, white paint.

'Put your weight back into it, Loretta," he gasps, his mouth pushed sideways. "It's all we've got."

Below them, Albert's white face pokes out from behind the piano. "I'm your only son now, Ma, remember that." Loretta leans back, both hands on the rope, with an exaggerated sigh, and the piano goes on like nothing happened, sliding obediently down the hill and finally resting in the street. Like a car parked illegally, front end up against the curb, it seems satisfied.

On the porch, Phil and Ken unfold slowly, clasping and unclasping their hands. Loretta wipes hers, methodically, then puts one of them on Ken's shoulder. "You want to take the bench down and put it on top?" She turns to Phil and shakes his hand. "Twenty-five dollars when I get back from Leonard's," she tells him, and he nods. "Unless he gives me less than four hundred, in which case..."

"Twenty-five dollars, Loretta," Phil says, still catching his breath. "Twenty-five dollars if he only gives you thirty." But Loretta is on her way down, marshalling Albert behind the piano when she gets there. "We'll take it from here, boys," she calls to them. Albert waves without looking up, bent almost double as he puts his weight into the piano, and it begins to roll down the street.

At Leonard's they park the piano, and Loretta rubs a finger along a crack in the mirror attached to a bureau that is sitting by the door. "I like this," she says and pats it. "I might buy this if I get more than five hundred for the damn piano.

"What are you doing here, Loretta?" Leonard says warily from his doorway, his brown sweater wrapped tightly arund him

"You look tired, Leonard," she says, peering at him.

"I am tired, Loretta."

She looks at him, then nods and continues briskly. "Come to make a deal, Leonard." She smiles broadly.

He looks at the piano. "Frankie must have left this morning."

"Damn straight. You going to give me seven hundred for it?"

"Seven hundred?"

"It's worth over a grand, you know that, Leonard. You always told Frankie it was in nice shape. And we brought it down here. Saved you the trouble. And"-she looks at him with a serious expression-"we saved you the expense. I ought to ask for eleven hundred, but I know you, Leonard, you're a good guy. You give me seven hundred, and I'll go home smiling. Might even take this old bureau off your hands." She slaps the top of it.

Leonard purses his lips, and steping out of the cool shadow of the doorway he stands, his hands on his hips, and contemplates the piano. He stretches out a hand and presses one white key down. The note that sounds is faint. "You won't buy that bureau. After I pay you you'll find something wrong with it. It'll cost too much, that's what it'll be."

"What's the price?"

"One hundred and fifty."

"And you got it for seventy five. I admire you, Leonard. You got yourself a business here, and you know how to run it. But I'm an old friend. You're not going to stiff *me,* are you?"

"Stiff you?"

"Only give me six hundred when you know you'll get a thousand for it. You wouldn't do that to me, would you? Give me seven hundred, and you'll still be making three hundred dollars. Not bad for storing the thing until some sucker comes in and decides he's got to have for his very own."

"I won't get a thousand for that piano, Loretta. I'll be lucky if I get six hundred."

"Leonard, for Christ's sake, don't pull your tricks on me. I'm a friend. You can be honest. Like I said, I admire your business sense, I really do."

"Loretta, I won't get more than seven hundred. There's no way I can."

"What do you mean, no way you can? Make up a sign, Leonard, that's all it's going to take. Write in big black letters: this piano is worth thirteen hundred dollars but I'll give it to *you* for an even thou. How does that sound, Leonard? Easy as cutting farts."

"Ma!" Albert has been sitting on the curb resting his forehead on the keyboard of the piano. Loretta looks at him intently.

"This one, Leonard, sometimes I ask myself, where did this kid come from? Is he really mine? I could never understand Frankie, with his music and all, but this one...this one's a frickin' Martian. Shut up, Albert, turn around and shut up."

"Ma..."

"Shut up."

Leonard is looking at the ground and his shuffling feet. "Loretta," he says, finally dragging his head up to

Oil Painting by Rose Webb

look at her. "I can't give you seven hundred for the piano. It'll have to be four hundred, or I won't make any money."

"Four hundred."

"It's got to be, Loretta. I'm going to have to sell it for six hundred. You can come down and look at the price if you don't believe me."

"Four hundred."

"It's my final offer."

"It is not." Loretta is indignant. "I didn't expect this from you, I really didn't. You're talking about a two hundred dollar profit. That's if you do sell it for six, which I find hard to believe. I could set up shop across the street and sell the damn thing for six myself. Not even bother with you. The middleman. That's it, I'll just cut out the middleman. What's it like being a middleman, Leonard?"

"Loretta," he interrupts her wearily, "I have to pay the rent on this place, you know. I have to pay the girl to run the counter. I have to pay for heat and the lights, it's not going to be a clear profit. At six hundred it will hardly be a profit at all."

Loretta gazes at him heavily and then turns to her son. "Albert, we're going to have to take it up the street, I guess. I can't get by on four hundred dollars. Sorry we couldn't work things out, Leonard. I still respect you."

"Ma. Where up the street?"

"To that Caldonie place, what's that guy's name, Leonard?"

"Caldonieri." Leonard sighs deeply and rubs his hand along the smooth black wood of the piano top.

"Goddamn Caldonieri. Get up, Albert, let's get moving."

"Ma, Caldonieri's is almost thirty blocks away."

"Albert, it can't be thirty blocks. Don't sass me. We can't leave the damn thing here. If we start now we'll get there sooner than if we wait until you're all through whining."

"Loretta, it's at least twenty blocks to Caldonieri's. You two can't push a piano twenty blocks down the street." He is shaking his head and he pats the piano ruefully. Loretta is very grave.

"Well, I don't see what else we're going to do with it, Leonard. I'd much rather do business with you than with old fathead Caldonie, but four hundred is simply not enough for such a fine piano."

"I'll give you five hundred. That's it, though. I won't be making any money."

"I was hoping for more than..."

"Ma!"

"You shut up, Albert." All right, Leonard. Five hundred is probably not the most I could get, but I understand your position and I like to keep my business in the neighborhood."

"I won't be making any money," he says as he hands her the check. She laughs and gives the piano a good whack with the flat of her hand.

"C'mon, Leonard, you don't have to keep up the game for my sake, you know that. It's a pleasure seeing a good businessman at work, but we're old friends."

Leonard smiles grimly. "I just hope you spend that wisely, Loretta."

"Wisdom is my middle name, Leonard. My middle name. Just this morning, for instance, as old Frankie ran out the door, I told him, 'Frankie, don't you forget to care.' I told him, 'That's what'll do you in.' That's wisdom, you know that, Leonard, real wisdom."

"Ma."

"Albert, why don't you just walk on ahead, I'll catch up." As he leaves the shop she whispers loudly, "He's a good kid, Albert, but he drives me crazy."

"Still thinking about the bureau, Loretta?" Leonard asks her without conviction.

"Well, I'd sure like to, but with only five hundred..." She makes sad clicking noises with her tongue. "And besides-" she reaches out and shakes the bureau as they pass it, "-the damn thing wobbles." She shakes his hand. "Thanks again, Leonard."

"Thank *you,* he replies faintly, bending down to examine the wounds on the piano where it scraped the stairs.

"See you soon."

"Oh yes," he says, and stretching painfully upright he watches her walk along the street, her big ass shifting, up and down, with each gracious step.

Armando Reyes

The Gully

by Anderson Archer

I am entering into a familiar, yet seemingly strange environment, even though I religiously go there each afternoon after a long tiresome day. The entrance, as usual, is marked by the presence of a green, colorful gate of tall, contorted, yet sturdy plants, grasses and a variety of flowers. I proceed onward, observing the gradual increase of flora.

I am now about five hundred yards into the gully, cautiously descending the gentle slope of the land. One can, without any doubt, receive an extraordinary feeling of peace, both in mind and in body, as a result of being in this tranquil environment. I sit on a heap of green, soft, lush grass, allow my mind to wander as I gaze hypnotically at the gentle swaying of the green leafy trees and tall, slender, glossy moss. This hypnotic state is now interrupted by the mooing of the cows that are camouflaged among the tall grass. Sheep and goats now join in the chorus. My mind is now fixed on this peculiar choir—the cows, bass note; the sheep, the tenor; and the goats, the soprano. What a choir! I love it, so I join them too. Bravo! Bravo!

My attention now focuses on the minute menbers of this ecological system. My searching eyes spot ants feeding on bits of food particles grasped firmly in their mouths and busily making their way to their underground habitats. The ants seem to be busily moving in different directions to and from one centralized location—a dead bird twenty yards to my left. I stared agape, interestedly observing the mysterious ways of the ant. For example, their organized way of transporting objects. No wonder God said in His great book, *the Bible,* "Go to the ant thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise." The activity of the ant, though soothing to my mind, reminds me of the hustle and bustle of the outside world. The grasshoppers, the bees, and the colorful butterflies, seem to be sharing the same peace and tranquility that I am receiving. As the sun slowly descends behind the tall sturdy mahogany trees it covers the entire gully with a liberal splash of tinted gold. What a refreshing scene!

The northerly section of the valley slopes gently down toward ground level, exhibiting a sparsity of flora. The topography of the south is steep and rugged with an approximate proportion of sixty percent solid rock to forty percent flora. I can now see the "Eden" of the gully—this gully. Here in "Eden," I see dots of well dispersed colorful flowers amidst the green lush: a spot of yellow here and a spot of red there. This "Eden" is a magnificent work of fine art. The blending of the trees, lush grass, rugged stone, steep and gentle relief with a splash of golden sun rays, create a sense of peace and tranquility which I daily find irresistible. Here I habitually scan the beauty of the gully. My once nervously wrecked mind, now soothed with the refreshing scenes of this environment, is now, once again, ready to face the hardships of the outside world.

Standing In The Hall

by Bill Farrell

My Catholic school, Our Lady of the Multiple Orgasms, was controlled and operated up to the fourth grade level by two orders of nuns who were known primarily for their violence. The boys' and girls' schools were seperated by an eight foot high brick wall, topped with barbed wire and broken glass that was cemented in place.

The boys were drilled by the Sisters of Brutality and the girls were trained by the vengeful, love-starved Sisters of Chastity. It was rumored at the time (1938) that both orders were members of the German-American Bund, Stormtrooper division, women's auxiliary.

My school did not have a principal as did public and private schools—we had a Commandant. I cannot say for certain how many of the nuns had prison records, but I am sure that it was more than a few. Sister Philistine, a huge, hairy brute, was my third grade drill instructor. Her mustache made her look like a truck driver in drag and I was terrified by her—constantly.

One day Sister Philistine caught me talking in class and tore down the aisle after me. When she reached my desk, she began to berate me. I couldn't stop looking at her moustache; it was as full as my uncle's. She knew that I was eyeballing it and screamed through her teeth at me: "What are you looking at!"

I was shaking and near to tears, but being only eight years old, I answered her truthfully. "I'm looking at your mustache." It was like open season. She proceeded to beat the shit out of me, and when she was finished, she grabbed me by the ears, threw me out of class, and made me stand in the hall.

If you are Presbyterian, you may not be familiar with the term "standing in the hall."

Any teacher who saw you standing in the hall could take a shot at you—as often as they liked. *Standing in the hall was a dangerous thing.* One nun, Sister Severity, always gave me two shots when I was standing in the hall across from her door. Every time she went to the bathroom, she whacked me —one going and one coming back. One day she went to the bathroom fourteen times. I had never seen a person's hands so swollen.

They would not let me go to the bathroom when I was standing in the hall. I would have to relieve myself in Patricks Kennedy's locker. He was the smartest kid in class.

One day Sister Severity actually spoke to me. She asked, "Why are you always standing in the hall?" I was beginning to feel like a restroom attendant. It seemed that every time she went to the bathroom, I was standing in the hall. I think she was having some strange ideas about me always being in the hall; you know, like I was watching her. I did not answer questions like this anymore, because no matter what my answer might be, I ultimately got slugged.

It was ten o'clock and I had been pulverized twice. I knew I had a difficult day of school ahead. I was tired, lonesome, and missed my friends in class. Many no longer recognized me because I spent so much time out in the hall. I was out in the hall so often that they gave my desk to another kid.

I sat down on the floor and began to cry. I cried so hard that by the time I heard the click, click of the Rosary beads it was too late to stand up. It was the Assistant Commandant. He patrolled the building looking for people like me who spent a great deal of time standing in the hall.

I was slapped, punched, kicked and then dragged to the Commandant's office for further interrogation about my sitting in

Continued to page 40

The Return

Philip Glaser

John Winn was still sitting in front of his CTR at 6:00. Everyone else in the office had left at 5:00. It was not unusual for him to stay later, and get more work done. He did so not for need of catching up on work left undone; he worked harder and got more done than anyone else in the office, and he knew it. Every night, he considered the proposition of whether or not to stay at the office late, usually coming to the same conclusion: the sooner he went home, the more time there would be to find some use for. And, although he was aware that it was beyond the call of duty, he always knew there were reports to be done, marketing projections to be computed, and plenty of success to be had.

He knew the thirtieth floor of the sky scraper well: the coldness of the overhead fluorescent lights, the soft whirr of the ventilation fans, the constant hum of the computer, and an occaisional rumble and rattling of the windows, which was the result of a wind tunnel created by the building's architects, had all become very familiar to him on his solitary work binges. He appreciated working at this time more than any other; he could be truly alone, with the machine. He did not hate other people, but he found nothing in friendships. He was satisfied being with the computer: he could communicate with it, as it was perfectly predictable, neither having emotions to express nor challenging them in him. From time to time he thought about female companionship, but he would usually dismiss the idea, knowing he was too busy. Besides, he could turn to his work for solace from desire, although somewhere in the back of his mind he knew it was no replacement.

He gulped down the last of his coffee. The building rumbled. When he looked down to type in some figures, the words, POWER SHORTAGE/CANNOT CONTINUE, were flashing on the screen. He stared in disbelief. Such a thing had never happened to him before. If there was enough electricity to run the lights, he thought, the computer would surely continue operating. With the resolve of an accident spectator who decides to call an ambulance, he phoned the physical plant office. "Sorry Mr. Winn," a voice on the other end of the line informed him, "But the power in the basement where the main computer bank is has gone dead. Don't think we'll be able to do anything about it 'till the morning." He looked about his desk to see if there was anything that could be done without the computer. Indeed there was, but he was not attracted by the idea of staying without the computer at his disposal. He waited several minutes, hoping that the voice on the phone had been wrong, and that the computer's power would come back on before the morning. Nothing happened. He collected his jacket and briefcase and started out.

It took what seemed to him several minutes to reach the elevator. His path lead him through the long rows of desks which were squarely aligned across the large room. His shoes made a dense clicking sound against the hard, polished floor. Over the din of the firm's daily activities, the sound was barely detectable; but at this hour, it reverberated brightly throughout the empty office. Looking down, he could see a distorted reflection of his body moving along the floor, a dark shape against its glossy, clinical whiteness. The hard surface ran into the carpet of the entrance area, where the cigarette and candy machines were. He passed by the vending apparatuses to the foyer, to find the elevators.

He pressed the down button. While waiting for the elevator to make its ascent to the thirtieth floor, he looked at the security guard, who was reading a magazine. There was a plastic plant in front of the guard's desk "Hey," John said, "Didn't there used to be a real plant there?"

"Yup," the guard responded, his eyes still trained on the magazine. "But it was too much trouble to water it. So they put in a fake."

"Shame," John said at the bottom of his breath, knowing the guard was no longer listening. Suddenly, he wondered why he had happened to notice the plant, let alone enquire about it. He heard a bell ring.

The elevator door opened; he got in. It was empty, as he expected. The elevator would move him swiftly to the ground floor, from where he would take the subway home. He watched as the lights over the door, placed in rows, one above the other, each with it's own floor number, moved in an up and down pattern. For a second, they melted into one another, and he lost track. The elevator started to slow down. He thought it was strange that anyone else would be in the building at that hour. The motile light above the door stopped at fourteen and the door opened. Four women got in. Each immediately went into the seperate corners of the elevator. John was struck by the efficacy with which the women executed this movement; it was like a ballet. He felt they were together, yet they said nothing to each other.

As the elevator went on, he looked at his watch. It was 6:15. Suddenly the elevator started to slow down. And then, instead of coming to a smooth stop, it jerked to a halt. None of the lights above the door were on. He had not been looking at them, but guessed that they were between the eighth and ninth floors. He looked around. None of the four women seemed to notice.

"Must be broken," he said, expecting a reply. But they said nothing. He walked over to the door and picked up the emergency phone. "No one there," he said, again looking around at the four women. They said nothing and expressed no interest in their predicament. It seemed as though they were all staring into the corners directly diagonal to them. But he noticed that their gazes were focused on a point before the corners, in the exact geometric center of the chamber. He shook his head quizzically and picked up the phone again. This time someone responded. "We're working on the problem," the voice said. "Main cable's jammed. Don't worry. Have you out of there in about a half-an-hour."

He hung up the receiver and moved away from the phone. "It'll be half-an-hour before they get this thing moving," he said. Again, there was no response. They were still staring towards the center of the elevator. He began to study them. Trying to distinguish their visages through the dead stares, he found nothing striking about them. They were plain, dressed in faded blue jeans and loose flannel shirts of different colors. None had the same color hair, but it was for each the same length. All were of the same height and build. And each carried a pocketbook, again of the same style, yet in different colors. They all must

Continued to page 38

Rats

J.W. Walker

My film begins tracing a fence aound a vacant lot. Background synthesizer plays "I'll Remember April." Plywood joins ground and air, dirt and smog. The earth is thawing; the sky is falling, tumbling in huge chunks as the building is leveled within the fence. Between skyscrapers daylight strobes in shade and sudden illumination. A highrise next door throws darkness onto its ancient brother. Innocent destruction: life-sized tonka trucks push building blocks in a sand box. The anarchy sign is spraypainted red on the whitewashed fence--no visible life. But there among the ruins something stirs. That's where Harry comes in.

Harry--Hare for short, as in rabbit--has always been in and out of my life--either and both, depending on how you look at it. But he's hard to see. You see, he's visible through the mind's eye turned inside out. That's one way, but it's kind of like a see-saw kind of relationship.

Inside jokes? you ask. Yeah, all an inside jab. Hah. You see of course. Or do I need subtitles beneath the lines?

(Did you really see what you
say you saw?
Either that, or else you think
you saw it
But can not recreate it just
because
Memory can tell at one time
you saw it.)

Anyway, every night at dusk's pinkish glow I would stop filming, draw the blind, and shave. From a heap of semi-clean clothes I grabbed jeans and western shirt. Since quitting as a projectionist I'd done most of my time inside. That was months before, I had to break out. I wanted to reprime myself for the human race. I said, "Let's go to a bar, Hare."

"Boots and a Roman nose," Hare said. "Caligula. The decline of modern western culture with civilization's westward movement." These jokes, these inverted explanations, extroverted intranslations and what not: me les amusais. I sometimes even smiled just thinking them. But lately they'd been floating farther and farther out there. Harry was grating. "Grate the right american film," he said. "Cheesecake, cupcake. Gel babycakes." He was an idiot. For weeks he compared our movie to a Stooges' western: Moe has guns and Curly shoots himself yelling "sabatoochie!"

Truthfully, I suggested he imagine himself as a leary fool to get him in the head of his movie role. But he became 3/D--death, dying, destruction, I suppose. Saying he could kill his eyes turned to steelies shooting for impact alone.

This was all, as you see of course, horribly Harry. I'd learned to ignore it or not. When I was four he even dissappeared for a while. That summer we went to Stu Emerald's to see the sea-monkeys.The ad in the magazine had promised:

"Ancient Sea-Monkeys.
Primative Sea-crets
Materialize before your very
eyes."

I never saw them--paid a nickel into Stuey's sweaty palm to see an envelope of dust mixed with water. Stu and the rest felt ripped-off. Hare told me he saw the monkeys. I told him that was because he didn't put a nickel in. You see, I saw by then that other kids could not see Harry. That's why he could see the sea-monkeys. "See monkeys," Hare said.

Leaving the apartment I'd had it with Harry--existential star or not.

(Joke, right? See the movie
"The Action Pack"
For clues to mankind
throughout the ages)

"Repellent," I said. "You're a human repellent."

"Repellet," Hare said. "Repellets, yank the lever, yank it again. Repayment of the pavement." We passed a bum. Harry made sure I saw him--his turbaned or bandaged head on the door stoop. "Look at that," Hare said.

Continued to page 38

Roy Mediros

Wantin Things

Niki Aukema

She was thirteen. He was the social worker's husband. He let Maggie drive his red convertible on the isolated road behind the dump, breathing in her face, his hands over hers on the steering wheel. She told him she knew how to drive, her Uncle Jason taught her last summer, in the field behind the barn. He said, "Well, I don't want to take any chances." He put his hand on her thigh. She wished she hadn't worn shorts. He said, "You've got a heavy foot, slow down."

Maggie remembered his footsteps coming up the stairs, the door opening. She closed her eyes tight as his weight began sinking into the side of the bed, bending over, whispereing, "Wake up, wake up," till her ear began to itch. Then the match would strike, the first cigarette of the morning, blowing smoke over her head. His hand running over her back, then stopping and pressing hard. She had wanted to scream but didn't. She rolled over and pulled the sheet over her eyes, pretending to be asleep. He sat smoking one cigarette after another, clearing his throat, waiting for her to wake.

The social worker bought her clothes that were too big. She would open up the dictionary and quiz her on the meaning of words, had her write them out big and clear, saying "I can't believe they never taught you that."

At night they both sat watching t.v., watching her, saying the most important thing is an education, you'll never get that back home and it must be terrible being stuck in the middle of nowhere without a phone and isn't it nice having a t.v.

He bought Maggie candy and gave her a dollar bill every time she washed his car. After his wife had gone to work, he'd sit in the kitchen talking about Mrs. Gronski, who lived five houses down, how the hairs on her nipples were black but her hair was blond, how Linda, the girl next door, a year older than her, was a hot bitch who walked like she wanted something between her legs. Maggie didn't say anything. Just waited and waited for him to go. He didn't have to be at work till ten thirty.

One day he was sitting in the living room watching t.v. before going to work. Maggie was washing dishes. He said, "Come here...do this..does it feel good?" She said "No." She didn't feel a thing. "Come here." She sat on his lap, looking out the picture window. Cars went by. She wanted to cry but couldn't.

She stole twenty-five dollars that was lying in the jewelry box on top of the dresser in their bedroom. Left a note, thanks, I'm going home. She sat on the porch, back home, watching the dust rise above the trees, counting the cars go by. Usually five a day, six counting the mailman. The social worker wrote. They were building a swimming pool in the back yard, that it was okay about the money, and if she wanted to come back let them know, they'd send her the bus fare.

Maggie wrote and got the money a week later. On Saturday, a neighbor, Nat Meadows gave her and Aunt Jessie a ride into town. She walked into Sonny's Appliance and bought a radio while her aunt was buying groceries at the A&P. On the way back home Aunt Jessie asked her what she had in the bag. She said a radio.

"A radio! Why honey, where'd you get the money?"

"The social worker from Richmond give it to me..."

"Well, why didn't you tell me she gave you money. I barely got enough for the two of us and you go out and

Gail Rush

buy a radio." Aunt Jessie looked at Nat and said, "Well, what do you think about that?" He smiled and kept his eyes on the road trying to miss the potholes. "Next week you go back and return the radio. Honey, we can't afford no radio."

Maggie felt the heat prickling at her skin and broke out in tears. "Why can't we have a radio, everybody else has got a radio." Her aunt turned around looking at her in the back seat.

"I never should of sent you to Richmond while your uncle was sick. Ever since you came back from there you've been wantin' things. What I don't understand is why you came back so soon after they were so nice buying you clothes and all. Next week the radio goes back." Maggie looked out the window biting her lip, trying to stop crying, holding onto the radio in her lap.

The car pulled into the dirt driveway and stopped behind Uncle Jason's car. She opened the car door and ran into the house holding the radio in her arms. Aunt Jessie looked at the car, sighed, her voice low. "I wish her uncle was here. They got along so good. He'd know what to do."

Nat put his hand on her shoulder. Now don't you worry. She's just young, that's all. They're always wantin' things."

Aunt Jessie began shaking her head as she opened the car door. "I never should have sent her to Richmond. I should have kept her right here with me for Jason's funeral. But then Mr. Holmes at the church said they were nice people. I don't know. She just ain't been the same since she's come back."

Nat took the groceries out of the trunk. "You decided what you're going to do with Jason's car yet?"

She looked at the car again. "Seems kind of useless just sittin' there don't it, and me not bein' able to drive."

He handed her a bag of groceries. "It's a good car. I could get you six hundred for it easy."

Aunt Jessie looked at him, confused. "Well, I don't know. I was thinkin I'd try to hang on to it. Keep it for Maggie, till she can get her license. She already knows how to drive it."

They walked to the front of the house. "Well, you just think about it. No rush." He opened the screen door. Suddenly they heard a man's voice talking and then music coming from inside the house. They looked at each other, startled, and then smiled, remembering the radio.

They walked into the kitchen putting the groceries on the counter. Aunt Jessie stopped and listened. "I always like reading better than the radio." She looked at Nat standing at the table. "Why don't you sit down and have some ice tea before you go?"

He wiped his forehead with the back of his hand and sat down. "That'd be fine."

"Maggie's mama loved music, would sit and play the piano for hours. Drove my daddy to where he nailed the part that slides over the keys shut. Course she played by ear, never had no lessons." She walked to the icebox, taking out a lemon, cut it and handed Nat a piece and sat down. "That was when we lived in the old Sutter house. They left it there cause it was too heavy to move." Her mama was six then, I remember I was twenty-one, had just gotten engaged to Jason. She headed straight for that piano, started laughin' and bangin' away on them keys." She looked at Nat's glass. "You want some more ice? Melts fast in this heat."

"No, this is fine."

"Funny what you remember. I just can't forget that look on her face all white and tired the day Jason and I took her to the hospital. Six months later, she's gone. Leukemia."

Nat finished his tea. He got up. The chair made a scraping noise on the kitchen floor. The radio upstairs got louder. "You hear any more from Maggie's Dad?"

"He's still workin' in a lumber mill in Seattle. I get a check now and then."

"Well, I better get goin', and don't you worry 'bout Maggie. She'll be okay." She walked to the door.

"I'll stop by next Saturday to see if you need anything." She thanked him and closed the screen door. On the way back to the kitchen she stopped at the bottom of the stairs listening to the music coming from Maggie's room. She heard a high clear voice singing with a deep one.

She sat at the table drinking the rest of the ice tea. Tonight she'd write a letter to the social worker sayin' she didn't approve of them giving Maggie money and that she'd pay them back when she could. She got up and started putting the groceries away and then sat back down, looking out the window at Jason's car and listening to Maggie sing, trying to think what Jason'd do. He'd let her have the radio. For a second she thought she saw him bending over, polishing the chrome on the bumper of the car. She caught her breath, let it out slowly, and got up to put the rest of the groceries away.

Caroline Fernandes

Continued from page 34

be from the same milieu, he thought. He resolved that they were from the dance school, which was on the fourteenth floor. Their silence irritated him.

He sat down on the floor, his back against the wall opposite the two steel doors. He looked up at the four women. He found them very banal, yet was also facinated by them—which he did not understand. His inability to comprehend his facination perturbed him. He had always been compelled to understand completely everything around him, and felt out of control unless he did.

It occured to him that the four women were all very similar. It was uncanny. Despite their different colored shirts and different colored hair, each of their faces had the same appearence. He looked at one, and then moved on to another, and another. Several times, he went around in a circle, examining them. He found himself losing track of which was which. They all melted together. All at once, a strange feeling came over him. It was as if there were some kind of ritual happening around him. Yet it was below his world, below his understanding. He felt nervous. Then, he realized that he had been working straight since 7:00 that morning; and had done so every day that week; and had done the same every week before that, for at least as long as he had been working. He hence attributed the strange feelings to fatigue. He looked at his watch. It was 6:30.

II

Out of the darkness came singing voices. He was floating and felt relaxed, more relaxed than he could ever remember feeling. The voices came closer; and although not sure of who or what they were, he knew they were there to help him, feeling more and more safe as they approached. Soon, out of the complete darkness, he distinguished, although not brightly illuminated, plain and clear, a halo of softish white light surrounding each of the four women. They came close, stopped, said nothing, and stared at him. Before he was aware of it, they were dancing around him in a circle. He began floating upwards, high, out of the circle.

Still moving upwards, he looked below, and could not see them anymore. Yet he felt they were still there. He now knew they were within him.

He suddenly stopped floating. He felt a vacuum pulling him forward. He began moving very fast. A vertical sliver of light was ahead. It began to widen, the light becoming brighter. As he came toward it, the vacuum lessened in force, and he slowed down. He went forward with anticipation. He was coming alive.

III

"Hey, you all right, pal?" he heard. He opened his eyes to see a man standing over him. "Yes," he said, disoriented, "I was just sleeping." He looked forward and saw that the elevator doors were open. It was the ground floor.

"Where are they?" he asked abruptly.

"Who?"

"Those four women."

"They walked out when the doors opened."

"Oh," he said, sadly.

"You all right?" the man asked, again.

"Yes, I'm all right." He got up. Once on his feet, he began to walk out of the elevator. "Hey, don't forget your brief case," the man said, almost startling him.

"Oh...Yes...Thanks." He felt dazed.

"Have a good night."

"You too," John said.

He walked towards the revolving doors on the other side of the lobby. As he proceeded, his feet made the same sound and his body the same reflection against the floor as they had in the office, thirty flights up. But he did not pay any attention to either phenomenon. Instead, he kept his gaze focused on the revolving doors, and the late afternoon June sunlight beyond. He reached the doors and spun through.

He looked around. It was warm. There was little traffic, so he could hear some birds in the trees above him. Impulsively, he walked towards one of the trees. They were man-planted and manicured, but they were real. I need to get out of the city, he thought to himself as he approached the tree, I haven't been out of the city in years. When he reached the tree, he stood and stared at it. He was amazed to think that he had been walking in and out of the skyscraper for so long and had never stopped to look at the trees. When he looked upwards, he could see through the branches, as much as two large buildings which almost blocked it would allow, the sunset, its orange and red mixing with the translucent green leaves of the tree. After several minutes he started home. He had been planning to take the subway; but he decided to walk.

Continued from page 35

"Mystic. Amnesia." I looked away.

"Look back there," Harry said. I ignored him; words were sixshooters, living the ammo. We were still playing cowboys and indians. "There, can you see him?" Hare crouched to the crack between sidewalk and fence, watching and waiting. Then a whack pierced the night. At first I thought someone had been killed. Harry could not have made the sound. The fence was shaking.

"There's millions back there. They're millions."

"Go join them, then," I yelled. He had stopped. "Join them then" echoed. A woman scurried from cab to building; she did not look at Harry, staring up from the ground. I turned to the white fence, peering into the lot of jagged bricks, and the dolls, their arms and splintered furniture scattered. Over them swarmed a pack of rats.

I froze. Sometimes when we've been drinking we start fake fights. Hare was stalking me. Resting tensely against the fence, I waited. I spun around, anticipating a punch, but no one was in sight. The trash-filled streets were vacant and quiet, yet from the stillness came laughter broken by the wind. Harry was in the shadows. I could not see him--I had never--I knew. He was out there. Streetlights rattled, something rustled by the fence. I rushed it and fired into the darkness I saw, that was all I could see. And Hare was gone--not there to be seen. I balanced on my boot-heel uneasily: I was standing on a dead rat.

Thanks Donna et al.

Continued from page 9

and arms; his breath was labored, and his side had a sharp pain. "Oh, God, please don't let it land on me. Oh G--" Peter ran over the edge of the railroad cutting and crashed on all fours onto the crushed stone ballast at the edge of the tracks. Instantly, an enormous weight crashed onto his back, driving him into the ground, which seemed to explode in his face like a great flash.

"Are you okay?" It was Colin's voice.

"Ahhhh--" answered Peter, trying to suck air into his paralyzed lungs.

"Jesus, I didn't mean to land on you, but you just disappeared right in front of me and..."

"I'm...going...to...kill...you," wheezed Peter.

"You wet your pants."

"No, I didn't. You squeezed it out of me. It's not the same thing at all." Peter was trying to sit up.

Colin pulled his knees up under his chin and began to chuckle; soon Peter joined him. and then they howled. And pounded the ground. And rolled. And then Peter remembered.

"My house! Oh God! If it hit my house, I'm dead."

They scrambled back up the embankment and ran through the woods to the clearing, pulling to a stop panting when they saw Gershon sitting on the stump inspecting a cut knee.

"I fell over the block and tackle. I figured I was dead anyway, so I just laid there. I heard a big crash over by your yard, Peter."

"That's it! I'm dead. I'll just run away and get a job picking tobacco or something."

"It's not that bad," said Quimby, strolling in on the path that led to Peter's house. "It landed on Dickie's shed and wrecked part of it."

Peter began to recover immediately. "We can get that fixed before my father gets home!"

"That's not all, Peter." Quimby hesitated. "Dickie's dead."

"Oh God! That's worse than hitting the house. My father's had that horse for thirty-eight years."

"There's not a mark on him. I think he had a heart attack from the noise."

Gershon and Colin eyed each other nervously, as though they might bolt again.

"Wait a minute, everyone! Let's get this thing taken apart and hidden, and I'll try to think about what to tell my father."

The boys fell to work with axe and spade and machete, and in an hour the only trace of the great project was four evenly spaced holes in the middle of the clearing.

"Come up with your story yet?" asked Gershon, biting a blister on the palm of his hand.

"No. Look, you guys go home, and if anybody asks, you were fishing over at the pond all day, okay?"

Quimby and Gershon looked relieved. "Okay, Peter. Good luck, huh?"

"Want me to come with you, Peter?"

"Naw. Thanks anyway, Colin. I'll give you a call tonight if I'm still alive."

Peter marched manfully down the trail to his house, back straight, hands at his sides. Getting the bucket back wasn't important now. Emerging from the woods he saw the wreckage of the shed. The great stone was partially wrapped in galvanized steel roofing. Dickie was on the far side of the shed; his front legs had buckeled under him, and his neck was stretched over them. One great eye seemed to stare at Peter, and the aged yellow teeth were bared in a malicious grin.

"Asshole horse!" Peter screamed. "I shovel your shit for the whole summer, and you do this to me! why weren't you out walking around or something?" The horse continued to stare and grin.

Peter heard the sound of a car in front of the garage and at the same instant the idea came to him. It was all he could do to keep from racing across the yard and around the garage to the driveway. Instead, he came mournfully around the corner into his father's sight, head down, hands in his pockets.

"Hey, kiddo! What are you up to?" His father always greeted him the same way. The stock answer was, "Oh, about five three," or whatever Peter's height was at that particular moment.

"Bad news, Dad," Peter intoned soberly.

Mr. Weaver's eyes flickered quickly over Peter. "what's wrong, son?"

"I may as well tell you right out, Dad. Dickie is dead." Peter paused. "He was frightened to death by a meteor."

Continued from page 6

from under her, and she landed with a soft plop on the seat.

Gail's face felt all pins and needles as the blood rushed to her head. Her heart was pounding and her voice quiet and wavery. "No kidding. My mother's coming any minute. You better go. She'll be mad if you're here when she comes back."

"*No!*" You and me are running away from here and getting married. Just show me how this car works."

"Is there a problem here?"

Everyone in the car was taken by suprise. They hadn't noticed the elderly man approach the car, and for a minute nobody spoke. Then the girls all started at once.

"He wants to drive...."

"He hit me...."

"My mama's comin...."

The boy pushed the car door open violently, knocking the old man off balance, and took off across the parking lot like a shot. They all watched him go.

"Here's Mama!" cried Lisa.

Gail's mother ran toward the car. "What's the matter? What's happened?"

Doreen chose this moment to bust in long, loud sobs.

Gail recounted the event, and in the telling the boy grew bigger and stronger and meaner by the minute. It *had* been a frightening experience - -Doreen's sobbing verified that - - but it was also a golden opportunity to make her mother feel really bad about leaving them in the car. The old man's presence only added to her mother's embarrassement.

"I only left them for a few minutes," her mother explained to the man.

"No, you didn't," countered Gail.

Her mother's look told her to be quiet. She listened as her mother thanked the man for his help and as she tried to calm Doreen down.

Her mother took her keys from her bag and started the car. Doreen and Lisa now gave their versions of the story, each trying to out do the other in making the boy seem most terrible.

As they drove onto the street, Gail saw him, thin as a reed, standing in the bushes at the edge of the lot. He didn't move, just raised his hand slowly and waved as they drove away.

Continued from page 33

the hall. He worked me over thoroughly and then called my mother. I don't have to tell you what happened when my mother arrived. I was assaulted five times and had not even touched my lunch. Couldn't go to this type of school on an empty stomach.

When I was eight, I did not know what the quality of education meant. If I had known, I would have said: "ANYTHING WOULD BE AN IMPROVEMENT ON THIS."

My day wasn't over yet. When my father came home, there was a good chance that I might get stiffened again.

My mother sent me to my room. I looked at my head in the mirror; it was much larger now than when I left for school in the morning. I also noticed that I was developing scar tissue over my eyes. I also decided to ask my mother to place me in a school where the curriculum was less difficult.

Between beatings and time spent standing in the hall, there was nothing left for study. I learned some things while standing in the hall, like which nuns had bladder problems. But the most important thing I learned while standing in the hall was that I could really take a punch, and that alone helped me survive Our Lady of the Multiple Orgasms.

Continued from page 7

his but chose instead to pay. Witnessing this unpatriotic act and drawing on the strongly emphasized American doctrine of "take as much as you can whenever you can," my companion arrived at the obvious conclusion: "That woman is a fool," he pronounced. A lesson well learned.

Then there is this business of claims that students are graduating from high school as fuctional illiterates. This simply isn't true. Oh, I admit these people may not be able to read, but this in no way impairs their ability to function in American society. After all, who wants *Huckleberry Finn* or *Moby Dick* or today's headlines for that matter, floating around in one's head, muddling thoughts in the middle of a hot Pac Man match? Why, it would be a positive liability! I'd be willing to bet that in a country such as Sweden with its so-called "model" school system your average eighth grader couldn't score over five thousand at Pac Man. Five thousand. That's sort of sad to think about.

Lastly, thanks to our system of education the United States is the world leader in the field of advanced partying, so important in the light of world-wide economic chaos. According to U.S. government reports the average sixth grader in America is now able to roll a quality marijuana joint in under forty-five seconds, a remarkable "figure" which seems even more so when compared with statistics from twenty years ago which reveal that the average sixth grader didn't even know what marijuana was, let alone how to roll it. This encouraging upswing in awareness of the everyday dynamics of drug abuse is by no means limited to marijuana. Indeed, today's young people are able to get higher, faster, on a tremendous assortment of drugs—ranging from beer to LSD—than any generation before them. How naive of the doomsayers to ignore the immense strides being made in this area. By 1990 I wouldn't be surprised if third graders could freebase coke with the best of them.

I could go on and on citing examples of how well America's young people have absorbed the education imparted to them by popular media, parents, schools, peers and society as a whole. Suffice it to say that staple aspects of the American way of life such as greed, selfishness, dishonesty, lust, hedonism, and the callous disregard for the rest of the world are being taught and learned, even embraced, with more commitment and enthusiasm than ever before. The quality of education on the decline in America? Nonsense.

Kerry Curtis

Continued from page 11

In the wake of this rash of Northampton incidents "Two lesbians were raped – one by a group of men in a van – and a third was beaten unconscious. Two of the victims reported that their attackers made lesbian-hating statements during the assults.",

Innumerable instances of more subtle condemnation and discrimination abound, substantiating the point that homophobia is alive and thriving. Until the fear and hatred of lesbians and gay men is overcome, we must stand alert to the possibility - - however slim - - that homophobia may again run distastrously rampant. We must keep in mind what the consequences of this hatred might be. For this reason, the history of Nazi persecution of gays cannot be denied. History must serve as a constant reminder: a reminder of the persecution of the past, and a reminder of the violence that continues.

> *ITEM:*A note in the April 8, 1983 issue of *Gay Community News* reveals that "Exhibits recognizing the persecution of non-Jewish persons will (also) be included in a museum dedicated to the Holocaust...The museum is scheduled to open in 1987 in Washington,DC, and will cost approximately $30 to $40 million." Among the list of recognized victims will be gays.

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Notes

1. Sherman, Martin:*Bent* New York, Avon Books, 1979. "Bent" is a fictionalized drama. For a factual account by a gay survivor of a Nazi prison camp see: Heger, Heinz, below.
2. Heger, Heniz:*The Men With The Pink Triangle.* Boston Alyson Publications, 1980 (page 13).
3. Rector, Frank: *The Nazi Extermination of Homosexuals.* New York, Stein & Day, 1981.
4. Rector, above (page 123).
5. Domenick, Tony: "Memorial to Holocaust Will 'Ignore' Gays." *Gay Community News*, 15 July 1978.
6. "The Nazi Extermination of Homosexuals," an article reviewing the book of the same name (see note 3):*New York Times*, 10 May 1981 (section 7, page 20).
7. Clark, Jil: "Gay Man Bashed Near Bars."*Gay Community News*, 9 July 1983 (page 3).
8. Brudnoy, David: "The Missionary's Position on Sex." *Reason* magazine, December 1982 (pages 38-42).
9. Clark, Jil: "Northampton Lesbians Fight Hate Campaign." *Gay Community News*, 12 February 1983.